JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1954

3D EVERY THURSDAY

HUSBANDS AND WIVES By The EDITOR

KICK UP A FUSS! By SWAFFER

EYES ON TURKEY by A.G.G.

by

KOLYNOS!

of course

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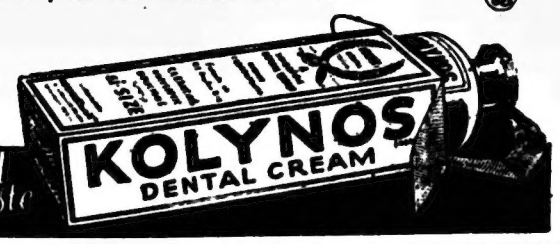

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P.S.—Include Regimental or Prisoner-of-War number of the Addressee.

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FOOD FACTS

Household Milk to the rescue

The seasonal cut in milk will hurt a lot less if you make full use of your share of Household Milk. The new share-out begins today — November 14th. It goes on for eight weeks, during which everyone can get one tin per ration book. You get your tin from the shop at which you are registered for sugar. 9d. a tin, equivalent to four pints of milk. Don't miss your share!

NEW WAYS WITH HOUSEHOLD MILK

To avoid all risk of burning Household Milk when boiling it for cocoa, sauce, soup or pudding, use it in dry form. Make your soup, sauce, or milk pudding with water and add the milk mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water just before serving. When making cocoa mix the Household Milk, sugar and cocoa to a smooth paste with a little cold water and pour in the remaining water boiling.

JAM OR SUGAR

As from 14th November you may buy sugar on your preserve coupons, or preserves on your sugar coupons — a pound of jam for a pound of sugar, or the other way round. This does not apply to the special jam ration which may only be taken in one or the specified jams.

As from 14th November you may use your sugar coupons one 4-weekly period in advance. *Buy in advance if you can.*

AN A.B.C. OF GREEN VEGETABLE COOKING

Always wash greens quickly. Never soak for a long time. Soaking wastes valuable vitamins and mineral salts.

Before cooking shred greens with a knife. Shredding helps greens to cook quickly.

Cook all greens with the lid on. Use just enough boiling water to keep the pan from burning.

Don't kill the vitamins in the greens by overcooking. Ten minutes in the saucepan is usually enough.

Eat vegetables as soon as they are cooked. Waiting destroys the goodness.

POINTS

There will be no change in the Points values of any Points rationed food for Period No. 5 (November 14th to December 11th). Coupon values will be as before: — A=1, B=2, C=2. Total value of Points per ration book, 20. Personal Points coupons remain at D=1, E=2.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY TO FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 176

HARD AT IT? *MAKE SURE OF YOUR REST!*

THE MORE YOU WORK—THE BETTER THE SLEEP YOU NEED

You're not doing your bit if you're not really fit!

Here are two 'scientific sleep' tips to try out to-night. See how much better they make you feel in the morning!

Start taking these two hints to-night—and you'll find they make a world of difference to your pep and go.

1 Whatever your worries—*think of something that makes you feel happy for at least half-an-hour before bedtime every night.* Troubled sleep is unhealthy sleep.

2 Make a 'nightcup' of Bourn-vita a regular habit—it will soothe you, help digestion and calm your whole body.

With CADBURYS BOURN-VITA you'll be equal to it!

1/5 per ½ lb.

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Issued by Nestlé's Milk Products Ltd.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 27, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

MASTER-PLAN

IN the King's speech we are promised food, homes, work.

But we must be satisfied that these aims will be achieved by the measures proposed by the Government.

These proposals are likely to lead to an important general Debate on reconstruction. Demand will be made for more definite pledges.

Time, Please!

For it is time we were examining plans rather than the promise of plans.

We should be studying them to make sure they are adequate, do not clash with one another, and have neither blind alleys nor staring gaps.

We need, moreover, a master-plan into which all the various schemes for housing, industry, food, and so forth would be securely dovetailed.

Midnight Oil

If we are to get this master-plan *in time* for the transition from war to peace, then our Ministers must indeed hustle.

Delay might be disastrous.

Big Three

So with the master-plan for war. The Moscow Conference proved that the Big Three Powers could agree to co-ordinate their military strategy and pool their diplomatic ideas.

There is thus an urgent need for the Big Three statesmen—and China's Chiang Kai-shek—to meet in order to put the finishing touches to a common plan by which victory could be hastened.

Setbacks

In view of our progress towards a common strategy—which JOHN BULL so long advocated—such setbacks as we have sustained in the Dodecanese are all the more deplorable.

Because these islands cannot be regarded as an isolated theatre of war. There is no isolated theatre.

For all the soothing assurances of official spokesmen, a reverse in the Dodecanese means a break in the master-plan for the Mediterranean—and therefore a weakening of the war situation as a whole.

Will Turkey Dither?

No, we shall not hold an inquest on that unfortunate example of blundering. But we must point out—again despite official assurances—that its effect on Turkey is likely to be against our interests. Maybe that was the intention of the German attacks.

Above all, it should deter our military commanders from expecting the R.A.F. to do the impossible.

Fine Work

They must not in future imagine that our air forces can provide effective fighter cover over a territory 400 miles from their nearest base. Crete—and Salerno—should have taught them something. Apparently it didn't.

But let us beware of such ignorance detracting from the fine work done by the Allied air forces. It is, indeed, more than fine. It is superb.

Grand Achievements

Think for a moment of the American air attack on Sofia. Of the American destruction of a vital Norwegian mine. Of the terrible havoc to German war centres wrought by that scientific genius, Air Marshal Harris. Of our great fighter sweeps, and Coastal Command's forays against U-boats.

Here are outstanding events of the war. They will be surpassed by air events yet to come.

We may expect unprecedented triumphs in the air during the next few months.

On to Rome

Less spectacular, though not less daring, will be the progress of the Fifth and Eighth Armies in Italy.

Their progress in soft snow and biting winds, across mountain ranges and angry rivers, must be slow.

Though the official hope is to reach Rome by Christmas, Alexander's comment on "foot-slogging" makes plain the possibility of disappointment.

It's an Asset

The great asset of this appalling campaign, in which our troops, like those of the old Duke of York, are marched up hill and down again, is the capture of the Foggia airfields.

From them we shall bomb Hitler's satellites in Central Europe into impotence. And they know it—hence their anxiety to get out of the war on easy terms.

Getting Nearer

They have another inducement to become jittery. The most significant feature of the Russian advance is not the approach to the old Polish frontier, but its threat to the Rumanian backdoor to the Balkans.

Really, that is all which need be said of the Soviet offensive. Its supremely clever generalship and the genius of its supply services can now be taken for granted.

● JOHN BULL offers readers protection for furniture and personal effects against loss by fire, storm, flood, lightning, burglary, etc. Also Free Air Raid Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's).

● Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Red Light

Supply, to a maritime nation such as the British, makes us think of shipping. It's as well that we should think of our position at sea, for the enemy hints that a new U-boat offensive is in the offing.

And, though our losses have been slight for months, we still haven't nearly as many ships as we need.

Doubled!

When we begin the Western Front campaign we shall even have to drain our coastal shipping resources. We shall require every warship, too, that we can build.

Fortunately, Uncle Sam will weigh in with a massive force. Astounding as it may seem, the U.S. navy has doubled its strength since the beginning of this year!

Wait for It

Because of these future commitments, the main blow against the Japanese cannot be launched until the middle of next year—as JOHN BULL has already suggested. We must beat Hitler first before routing our enemies at the other side of the globe.

This does not preclude preliminary but important operations, of course. The Far East will not remain static while the West is being cleaned up. But clearly we should not hope for *major* victories against the Japanese war lords for some time to come.

So, once again, we are driven to realisation of the shipping factor. And this brings us back to the King's Speech and the prospects of a prosperous peace.

Acid Test

For transport will provide the acid test for our politicians.

Col. Llewellin, our new Minister of Food, has discussed it bluntly. Stressing the importance of pooling all the United Nations' shipping, he says that this would be sufficient to maintain a world food supply.

But he admits that he cannot say if this pooling will continue after the war.

Minimum Diet

Yet it will clearly be essential. Without it, we shall not be able to feed our own people adequately—let alone help the countries plundered by the aggressor nations.

Professor Marrack has just reminded us of the standard advised by the Hot Springs Conference:

Every person, every week, should be able to drink at least seven pints of milk, eat four eggs, 1¾ lb. of meat, and 5¼ lb. of fruit and vegetables.

Even in Britain we shan't get that ration without adequate shipping and proper distribution!

B.B.C.

● There is turmoil, we are told, in Broadcasting House.

It may not be a bad thing for the sedate calm of that institution to be disturbed by a little brain-stirring controversy.

Unfortunately, the present upheaval concerns a most undesirable proposal.

Which is nothing less than that the B.B.C. should become a kind of advertising agency!

It is argued that "sponsored programmes" on the American model could improve the standard of broadcasting.

Well, we all want that standard to be raised: improvements are long overdue. But few of us would welcome radio programmes introduced by fervent appeals to take Somebody's rat poison or Somebody Else's pills.

Advertising is an essential factor in modern life. It is powerfully and effectively expressed in our newspapers, in trams and buses and trains, on the hoardings, and dozens of other ways.

But would it be proper for a semi-State organisation, supported by public money, to be used as a medium for commercial advertising?

In our view, its Charter must *not* be amended to allow such a development to become possible!

Bring Them Together

Therefore, our Ministry of War Transport must get on with plans for co-ordination of all forms of transport.

Not only for the transition period, both nationally and internationally, but for the later period of peace time reconstruction.

Control to Stay

Very wisely, the Government is unanimous on the necessity of retaining food control for at least a year or so after the war's end.

Our Ministers are no less convinced that housing cannot be left to private enterprise and hope - for - the - best methods.

They are proceeding with experiments on steel houses and prefabrication. But here, too, we may feel that more could and should be done.

Moscow's Example

Could not more be done now to rehouse our people? After all, Russia has built or repaired 25,500 collective farm cottages in two months. Which makes our war programme of 3,000 rural dwellings a woefully petty affair!

Action or Words?

Again, it is hardly sufficient for the Government to urge local authorities (after years of silence) to plan peace time housing.

What those authorities must have are adequate powers to defeat land speculators and jerry-builders.

Yet the Government does not even rebuke the landlord interests who are campaigning bitterly against the sensible reforms advocated by the Uthwatt Report.

We Want to Know

We do not yet know the policy of the new Minister of Reconstruction. He will require time to formulate it.

But will a policy of full employment be adopted by the Conservative Party as its main election cry? Will Churchill become a pillar of social reform?

The Future

The more such questions are pondered, the more likely does it become that long term Reconstruction will be left to party politics rather than a Coalition programme.

And even the transition period will, it may be feared, be remarkable for its lost opportunities UNLESS a comprehensive and bold master-plan be drawn up without delay.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MR. HERBERT MORRISON, rightly criticised for a good many of the things he's done at the Home Office, must be admired for the way he goes out for criticism in his regular week-end speeches.

Two-Way Attack

First he's attacked by the vested interests for his avowed belief in the rightness of many post-war controls. Now he's attacked by Sir William Beveridge for saying (as the vested interests are always saying) that many of the Beveridge proposals are unworkable.

Not Consulted

We agree with Mr. Morrison about control. We will not agree with him about Beveridge.

Sir William complains that he has no idea which of his suggestions are unworkable because he's never been consulted by the Government since he made his report.

Which is a strange thing when you come to think of it—like getting a specialist's diagnosis and then undertaking the cure yourself.

Crowded Out

The Minister of Works' share-out scheme for hotel rooms isn't much of a cure for the shortage of accommodation in London.

With the Hotel Association he's decided on a quota of hotel rooms for American officers and has set aside four hotels for British and Dominion officers.

The idea is all right so far as it goes. But only 260 beds are available in the four hotels—a ludicrously small number.

Other Ranks

And why is there no provision for what the Army always calls "other ranks"?

They suffer more than any others in the Services because they cannot afford to pay inflated prices. And they, just as much as the officers, have been used in peacetime to sleeping in a decent bed.

Medical Overtime

This sort of shortage is hampering already overworked doctors. Lately the general practitioner has been sharing (quite unfairly) in the unpopularity of his exalted colleagues who are fighting a State medical scheme tooth and nail.

In fact, the great majority of doctors in a small way are now working valiantly. A colleague had to call on his doctor the other evening at 9 p.m. He found him almost in tears through sheer fatigue. With his partner in the Services, he had been working a fourteen-hour day for the last three months.

Fit for Rats

In the main street of a County Down village an ailing woman lives with her husband—a farm worker—and two of her sons. She is intelligent, more hard-working than the doctors say she ought to be, and scrupulously clean.

She lives in a hovel fit only for the rats that swarm over the place each night.

The floors of her cottage are rotten; the windows will not open; one wall is held up by an iron bar.

Condemned

Of course, the place has been condemned. It makes no difference. Half a house is better than none think some of the authorities.

The woman tried to get a decent place to live in. The house she was after was let to a non-farm worker. The Rural District Council considered her complaint, formally decided "that no action be taken in the matter."

Guarding Bread

In case someone in power should decide action should be taken, the woman's name is Mrs. Jamison. She lives at Carrowdore, Greyabbey.

And in case anyone thinks her discomfort is exaggerated, here's a single sentence from a letter she's written us: "It is not a very pleasing sight, if one forgets to hang up the bread tied in a tablecloth to find that the rats have destroyed it."

Wasn't Wanted

Another reader gives us a grim picture of the experience of a young married woman of twenty who had no accommodation at home for the birth of her first baby.

She was sent by a London hospital to an evacuation hospital in the country. From early in September she was billeted on a war worker who made it clear that she wasn't wanted.

Left at Station

In the middle of October her baby was born. She was taken from her billet to hospital the day before.

Fourteen days after she left the maternity ward, was driven to the railway station, and left there with her child and luggage to make her own way back to London.

Her husband is in the Navy. They would not give him leave in order to look after her.

Good Start

A soldier *did* get leave, and he's just been telling us how nicely it started.

He arrived at London Road Station, Manchester, in the early hours of the morning, was hailed by a taxi driver and, before he'd really had time to think about it, was being driven home to Bury, eight or nine miles away, in company with four other soldiers.

10s., Please

No fee was mentioned till he got out. Then there was a demand for ten shillings.

The cab driver must have netted two pounds ten for that job. He charged the equivalent of three-and-a-half days' pay for the soldier.

Perhaps he's proud of himself.

His "Luxury"

A taxi ride home in the middle of the night is not so much of a luxury.

War Damage officials have lately refused a claim for compensation for a blind man's wireless set. It was damaged when his home in a London suburb was bombed. They refuse because the set is a "luxury."

Hard Tax—

This attitude is about as unfair as the one Income Tax authorities take towards essential medical expenses.

A Wolverhampton reader, Frederick Brown, was going home on leave from the Army just before the war broke out, when he was injured and had to have both legs amputated below the knee.

He wasn't given a pension. Instead they gave him a set of artificial limbs.

—And Bad Law

Every twelve months these limbs have to be overhauled. The bill is always about £20. But the Inland Revenue people will make no allowance for this expense.

They are supported by the law.

Well, change the law, and do it quickly.

Hard cases make bad legal examples, but it's worth mentioning that Frederick Brown is a zealous National Savings organiser and that in the last fifteen weeks he's collected £2,100 from 32 group members—a local record.

Another War Job

Another record—for idiotic time-wasting—has been reported from a Lancashire pit, where a team of workmen has been engaged for months on concreting a yard.

The results look good. Higher coal output figures would look a good deal better.

No Competition

Mrs. D. Hatton, of Lochgilphead, Argyllshire, has sent a request to the Food people asking whether she can make scones in her kitchen and sell them to neighbours.

The Food officials say "No, that's impossible in war time. There are enough retailers in the place and we cannot allow competition."

In Demand

A JOHN BULL man went to Lochgilphead. The district is widely scattered and is largely supplied with food by vans which deliver two or three times a week.

There are only a few shops. The neighbours want Mrs. Hatton's home-baked scones.

The only competition we can see in the case is among the Food officials, who seem to be anxious to set up a red-tape standard for all time.

One Sunday Morning

Of course, they'll always be run pretty close by some of the local Home Guard officers.

The other Sunday morning a platoon was told to parade for a special anti-tank exercise. They met and waited. An hour later the company commander turned up in a car.

More waiting, and then, two hours later, the men were dismissed. No exercise, no explanation.

She helps to cheer up her fellow refugees

● **The new Minister of Health, Mr. H. U. Willink, will have his work cut out to settle the major problems he's inherited. But there's a minor scandal he could, and should, put right without delay.**

The 12,000 Gibraltarians sent to this country are not getting fair play. Herded together in hotels, refused the ordinary satisfaction of eating among their own families, these citizens of the British Empire have recently had evidence that the law is kinder than the Government. All praise to Judge Hargreaves, who at West London County Court, gave costs against Mr. Willink's predecessor. The Minister had sought to turn two Gibraltarians out of their billet because they wanted to have meals in their private rooms.

The new Minister of Health is a King's Counsel. Let's hope he'll take the legal view.

Defence In Depth

A councillor at Ashford, Kent, reported to the N.F.S. that a dangerous gap had been made in a safety fence round one of their water tanks. He was told to put the complaint in writing.

Three days later a child was taken out of the water by a man who jumped in in his clothes.

Another three days passed and the gap was still in the fence. But things were moving. The matter had been reported to the Urban District Council *and they had got in touch with the Home Office.*

Caught Napping

Because of civilian evacuees from the Far East and the discharge of Servicemen who haven't been able to stand the climate, Britain has more people than ever before who suffer from malaria and other tropical diseases.

The Ministry of Supply might have foreseen this. Why, therefore, is there such an extreme shortage of quinine and its substitutes? A reader, doing a full-time engineering job, is suffering because he can't get the drugs he needs. He's been trying for three months, but the chemist's reply is always "No supplies."

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Air war latest: Of Germany's 38 chief industrial centres, 17 have been put out of action for months to come. Air Marshal Harris hasn't forgotten the rest.**

● *Sir William's friends are trying again to persuade him to enter politics on a "Beveridge, the whole Beveridge and nothing but Beveridge" ticket.*

● By special request Moscow is being kept fully informed of events in the Lebanon—and agrees with London's attitude.

● **If Catroux can't solve the problem, the British Government will take over the Lebanon and Syria. But De Gaulle is anxious to please Whitehall.**

● *Big changes in munition production in the Midlands are coming. Reason: Output in some directions has reached its peak.*

● Work may be brought almost to a standstill in some factories. But authorities will try to arrange alternative work during the switch-over.

● **The fate of Doenitz, U-boat chief, will depend on his ability to save Germany's capital ships now trying to reach home ports from Norway.**

● Evacuation of German troops from Finland is proceeding. Their commander, General Dietl, won't return from his present "visit" to Germany.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
★
By THE EDITOR

WHEN the ship of matrimony has to be steered by legal charts, you may be sure it is already sailing in perilous waters.

This is not to say that married people do not stand in need of certain legal safeguards. Or that existing laws are incapable of improvement.

But no law or set of laws could be so devised as to guarantee fair play between husband and wife.

And JOHN BULL agrees with Mrs. Jessie Adamson, M.P., that the *average* couple looks on marriage as an equal partnership and is loyal to its unwritten code.

Some of the more ardent feminists are in danger of forgetting this.

They have been moved to indignation by the recent Appeal Court decision that a wife has no *legal* right to her savings out of the housekeeping money.

In ordinary circumstances, no husband would claim such savings unless he were a miserly and tyrannical fellow. Even then it would probably cost him more to recover them at law than they would be worth.

It does not follow, however, that Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., and her supporters are *necessarily* well advised to demand a change in the law.

Or that, in claiming a legal right for every wife to have an equal share of the family income *after the expenses are paid*, they have found the solution to an age-old problem.

Mrs. Adamson, who was addressing the London Women's Parliament at the time, drew attention prudently to the risk that the law might be so changed as to make wives the paid housekeepers of their husbands.

And we agree that this would be a disastrous change in the status of the married woman.

Dr. Summerskill, on the other hand, has led a deputation to the Lord Chancellor to demand an alteration of the present marriage laws.

We ask our unprejudiced readers to consider the possible consequences of—say—a reversal of the Appeal Court's decision in regard to savings out of housekeeping money.

Supposing it were decided that all such savings should be regarded henceforth as the absolute property of the wife. Would not the following questions then arise?:

(1) What proportion of the family income should a wife be able to claim as a "housekeeping allowance"?

(2) What protection would the husband have against his wife's using an unfair part of this allowance to increase her personal savings at the expense of the family's reasonable standard of living?

(3) And what guarantee would there be, or could there be, that a wife's savings in a year of prosperity for the husband would be used to offset a later year of ill-fortune and poor wages?

JOHN BULL offers no answer to these questions. We are well aware that the *average* husband still likes to hold the purse-strings.

We admit frankly that most husbands expect to be allowed more pocket money than they allow their wives.

BUT, again, who is to decide what expenses are just and reasonable for each partner? In three cases out of four the man is the wage-earner.

Usually the nature of his work is such that he is bound to incur more out-of-pocket expenses than his wife. This is true even when he has nothing extra to pay for except his lunch out and his 'bus fares.

Even so, who is to decide how much he should spend on his lunch? What ratio of expenses could be legally and fairly established?

The old-fashioned Church of England marriage service has two clauses which the modern young couple often refuses to accept.

The first of these, formerly accepted by the husband, is: "*With all my worldly goods I thee endow.*"

And the second, to which the young wife used to give her unquestioning assent, involved a promise to "obey."

Nowadays it is not uncommon for the bride to refuse the pledge to obedience and for the bridegroom to make the more cautious—and much more reasonable—promise that: "All my worldly goods I with thee share."

This is as it should be. We maintain strongly that wives do not owe *obedience* to their husbands and that husbands do not owe *all* their worldly goods to their wives.

Loyal, honest and friendly partnerships cannot be secured on such harsh terms. It may be true that the average husband has always had an economical advantage over the average wife.

But it is also true that, since the passing of the Married Woman's Property Act in 1882, the strictly legal position of the wife is much stronger in many ways than that of the husband.

For the husband is still responsible for his wife's reasonable debts; not she for his.

He can still be made bankrupt for her non-payment of Income Tax upon her own personal income.

He is still liable for her torts; he is still answerable for damages which she may incur through her own carelessness; he is still held responsible for the slanders which she may utter; AND *he may still be called upon to pay the costs of* HER *unsuccessful suit against him in the Divorce Court!*

In the event of separation, the wife can claim upon her husband to support her, but not vice versa.

And, should the wife divorce the husband, she can demand alimony from him *even after he has married again*!

JOHN BULL has frequently denounced the "gold-digger," who breaks up her marriage with the deliberate intention of securing a pension for life.

And we maintain that the mere fact of marriage ought not to entitle any young and healthy and childless woman to live work-free at her ex-husband's expense; still less that she should do so after re-marriage.

IN other words, we hold that what is sauce for the goose should also be sauce for the gander, and that all who demand "equality" for wives should be ready and willing to grant it to husbands.

It has been suggested, for instance, that if and when the Government does decide to pay family allowances, these allowances should be paid direct to the wife and not to the husband.

It may be that mothers would be better trustees for their children than fathers. But is it fair, or wise, to assume that husbands are less honourable than wives, or to put either in a position of economic ascendancy?

Most of our social laws stand in need of revision. We are completely in favour of a re-examination and carefully simple restatement of the laws which relate to marriage.

But we firmly believe that the average married couple will regulate its own affairs without recourse to the courts, and that all laws should be framed to protect the victims of matrimonial misfits rather than to secure "the rights" of happy people who have no need to enforce them.

Thus, we should be inclined to favour legislation which compels husband and wife each to disclose to the other his or her total income.

We should back any enactment calculated to divide Income Tax fairly between the married partners and not to make them pay more, in total, than they would have to pay if they were unmarried.

And we should heartily support any legal reform which would reinforce the child's claims upon both parents, or the claim of either partner in time of need upon the other.

But we do not look to the law to provide happy marriage for the people. We do not consider that wives would be happier with "wages." And we do not believe that any legislative "equality" will do much to make marriage more popular or to ensure its happy permanence.

Behind Nazi "Secret Weapons"

ROHLAND is one of the names with which the German people are forced to make themselves increasingly familiar

For Rohland is one of the men whom Goebbels now publicises more than he ever advertised any Nazi leaders or generals.

Rohland and his friends are German industrialists, the leaders of the German war production, the inventors, designers and creators of the multitude of "secret weapons" which, the German people are led to believe, will yet helo them to win the war.

They are, mostly, young men whose scientific careers lack integrity. Many of them have been trained under the restricted facilities which the Nazis provided for their universities.

★ ★ ★

Now, after many years, the Nazi press admits that during the first apparently impressive displays of German weapons, Rohland sent out cardboard and wooden tanks, painted and constructed to look like the real thing.

The majority of his inventions, say the Nazis, including the Tiger tank, have been produced during the war.

The case is different with Hermann Roechling, the old industrialist and financier, whose money helped Hitler and the Nazis into power.

He, too, is reported to be hard at work thinking up new weapons. No wonder—his industrial installations which provided his wealth have long been bombed to smithereens by the Allied Air Forces.

Then there is Kurt Tank, reputed to be the inventor of the Focke Wolff fighter 'plane which, the Nazis claim, is the fastest in the world.

Now Herr Tank is busy developing the aeroplane which—he pretends—will turn the tide of the air war once more against the Allies.

★ ★ ★

His chief collaborators are two said to be immediately concerned with the "real secret weapon" which will destroy Germany's enemies.

Their names are Freydag and Heyne, and their actual work is devoted to aircraft armaments, aerial torpedoes, rocket bombs and all the paraphernalia of modern air war.

Included in the list are men for whom Goebbels makes a very special claim. They have, he said, actually studied British and American war industry, and one of them has worked for a time in America.

They were Hitler's industrial spies who are now trying to put into practice in Germany what they learned in the United States.

It is quite possible that one of them has thought of something new which Hitler will try out in his attempt to delay defeat.

But few "secret weapons" have as yet produced results. Allied scientists were too quick in producing the answer.

And this clatter of propaganda reminds me of the kind of things the Nazis said when Rohland's cardboard tanks were praised as unmatchable, invincible weapons of war.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

CONSCIENCE MAKES WHAT OF US ALL?

THE war records everything. Nothing will be forgiven, nothing forgotten. Bear that in mind, young lady! When our men come back they will stand us in front of them and look into our hearts with their clear eyes. Right into our hearts. And they will see everything: who waited, who had faith, and who played false, who forgot.

The above are not my words, they were written by Boris Gorbatov, in his story of a Russian family's sufferings under German rule.

This warning from a father to a flighty daughter is one which should be heeded by every wife whose man is at the war, by every sweetheart who looks forward to marriage when her man comes back, and by every girl who regards war merely as an excuse for licence and light living.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

History will balance the red grim ledgers of war—its ghastly account sheets of pillage and rapine, of death and destruction, of bloody battles on land, at sea and in the air.

But only in the hearts of men and women will the balance be struck of the millions of private ledgers which historians will neither see nor study.

We must keep the faith at home, we who are left to maintain the dignity, the decency and the worthiness of the land our soldiers, sailors and airmen are fighting to keep free.

Men as well as women cannot escape the personal ledger. Any man tempted to slack at his job or shirk that bit of extra effort or do a bit of "harmless" trading in the black market should think of a son or a brother or a pal who is fighting.

* * *

Women have the most difficult and dangerous accounts to render. They are lonely without their husbands, lonelier still if they are childless.

You'll find them in hotel lounges and bars, seeking to keep at bay with a few drinks that awful boredom, and losing that sense of fine reserve which every true woman should have.

Harmless? Of course it isn't.

There is always danger when a lonely woman deliberately seeks company, lights, laughter, glamour. The childless wife is, in effect, single again; just as her soldier husband is single.

It is not easy to blame her. The wasting years, the fear that she is growing older, that precious time is slipping away—these are the emotional danger signals.

When the men come home there will be great searching of the hearts and minds of their womenfolk.

Those women who had faith, who remembered the love left in trust, who kept their private ledgers clean and decent—they will stand clear-eyed and confident, ready to resume that life which is their heritage.

The others? Let conscience, the ledger clerk, draw up the balance.

Open Letters

Mr. SUMNER WELLES
Former Under-Secretary of State, U.S.A.

DEAR SIR.—Although out of office you continue to keep your finger on the pulse of world affairs.

International collaboration to obliterate war from the earth, you have just declared, must be "based upon frank recognition that the peace-breakers can only be checked through the use of forces which the Powers who are determined to maintain peace will jointly make available by common agreement."

It is a long while since you accompanied President Roosevelt on that historic mission which resulted in the Atlantic Charter, but you have never ceased to comment forcefully on post-war problems.

Particularly have you pointed the need for planning and co-operation.

"There could be no surer road to disaster, no surer means of bringing about unmitigated havoc," you declare, "than for the United Nations to enter the post-war period as rivals and opponents in their commercial and financial policies, rather than as collaborators."

Freedom from what you term "economic aggression" is one of the essentials for creating an enduring peace after the war is won.

And I share your view that the task of securing it is one to which "humanity must dedicate its collective wisdom and endeavour."

Unless we keep such ideals constantly before us the sacrifices made by all nations in war may again prove vain.

So please continue to give us all the benefit of your shrewd counsel. Your past record and unrivalled knowledge and experience of international problems will always ensure you a world audience.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR MR. BEVIN,—Your critics in the past have been many—and mouthy. Elderly women have screamed their throats dry because you dared to call on them to register.

You're a big enough man to admit that some criticism was justified. And your latest pronouncement on post-war unemployment proves fully that your grasp of the problem is one of vision and of understanding.

The news that your Ministry is setting up a fully equipped department to prepare what you so hearteningly call a "human budget" will do much to dispel widespread concern that the Government is doing little or nothing to plan boldly in this direction.

Miserable memories of the lean years of depression, the idle, wasted years, are still sharply etched in the minds of millions who suffered mentally and physically as Government after Government tried—and failed—to solve the unemployment problem.

Now, it seems, the Cabinet is resolved that the nation shall not be called upon again to endure the economic ills which caused such bitterness and discontent years ago.

The "Human Budget" will plan the labour and industrial life of the nation just as the Budget proper handles the nation's finances. It will deal with—and prevent—the causes of unemployment instead of tackling the evil when it is deep-rooted and prevalent.

Humanity becomes a new factor in Government.

It brings hope and comfort to the men and women whose only post-war demands are the right to work for decent wages and the liberty and leisure to enjoy the fruits of their labours.

Thanks, Mr. Bevin, for that human touch.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. R. GIRDLESTONE,
Consulting Surgeon, Wingfield Morris Hospital, Oxford

DEAR SIR,—"Only here and there," you wrote recently in the *Lancet*, "have I found a hospital with a good accident service. The great majority of bad results are due to a lack of knowledge of dexterity, of gentleness, or of sustained interest in the after care."

You quoted the case of a soldier with a broken thigh-bone. You found him moaning and in great pain; and your impression was that members of the hospital staff appeared unaware of anything being wrong.

I am not in a position to dispute your statements, but I am entitled to doubt your sweeping generalisation that only here and there do our hospitals provide a good accident service.

With all their faults, British hospitals are as good as any in the world.

Our methods of medical training are unapproached anywhere, unless in Scandinavia, and the high standard demanded of our doctors is the safeguard which prevents a decline in efficiency in our hospitals.

Knowing, as you do, the difficulties which beset your profession, especially to-day with so many young doctors in the Services, I should have expected more toleration from you.

In Fleet Street there's a saying: "Dog doesn't eat dog." But apparently doctors eat doctors.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON,—I welcome your speedy action in the case of a doctor charged with issuing medical certificates to men who, magistrate said, acted as police provocateurs. Please issue instruction that these anti-British methods are never used again.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. OLIVER LYTTELTON, M.P.,
Minister of Production

DEAR SIR,—In the dreamy old days when we assumed that the rest of the world was an also ran to Britain in the race for markets we used that stupid boast "Trade follows the Flag."

We were disillusioned after the last war, and we paid dearly for our conceit and lack of vision.

Because of that economic lesson, it is good to read your announcement that "a great range of new products is now being developed which we shall shortly be able to export to the rest of the world."

Of course the problem of post-war trade is not so simple, as that productive power of the warring nations is immensely greater than it was four years ago. Millions of machines switched from war to peace demands will be able to flood the globe with torrents of goods.

Those torrents will have to be controlled. Between the "haves" and the "have-nots" there must be struck an economic balance. The distribution of products, not their manufacture, is one of the headaches of to-morrow.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM IRONMAN,
Boer War Veteran

DEAR SIR,—It was very wrong of you to steal, of course. But I'm glad the magistrates let you off on payment of costs.

For you must be bitterly poor. Working as a labourer from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., you are paid a wage—a disgustingly miserable wage—of 32s. a week.

Your employer says he pays you that sum because you "aren't a very satisfactory worker and receive a small Army pension."

The magistrates were indignant, as well they might be. I shall merely add that your employer is George Lake, corn merchant, of Chapel Street, Luton.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. BROWNE,
Derby Road, Forest Gate, E.7

DEAR MR. BROWNE,—You weren't found wanting when, for the second time in your life, the call of King and Country echoed round Britain in 1939. At the age of fifty-three you joined up and went to France.

Claiming, with success, a pension for rheumatism contracted in France, you said, in reply to a question about being a bit old for the fighting game: "Good gracious no. I thought I was good for fifty years' service."

I don't know whether that was your estimate of how long the war would last, but how glad I am that your vision of half a century in uniform was at least forty-five years out.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. G. SAVAGE,
Education Officer, L.C.C.

DEAR SIR,—If a plan you have submitted to the L.C.C. Education Committee is adopted, certain young married men and women will be "called up" after the war to attend special continuation schools and learn how to be better husbands and wives.

You suggest that by devoting one day a week to the study of subjects concerning good citizenship, these young people would benefit. I doubt it.

Adolescence resents compulsion. The young married couples you propose to "educate" would hate being sent back to school.

But if you can make your special schools so attractive and interesting that they appeal to the young and make them want to go, then your plan may succeed and the country will be the richer.—JOHN BULL.

Five Britons Got Through in Italy

A strategic escape from prison after the Italian Armistice—

By B. L. JACOT

THERE were three people in the Parcels Room of the Italian Prisoner-of-War camp that morning—two of them Italian soldiers, whose duty it was to sort and hand out the parcels, and one English officer of the Tanks, captured many months previously at Tobruk.

For security reasons he must be called the "Captain": he was expecting a parcel and had dropped in to see if it had arrived.

Suddenly an Italian officer rushed into the room. "Finito!" he cried. "It is over. Armistice!" Waving his arms he sat down and burst into tears.

The Captain hurried back to his quarters.

This camp held 1,200 prisoners of many nationalities. The British had spent eleven months making a tunnel which was nearly finished, so that the news for them was urgent.

Better Plan

With two officers of the Hampshire Regiment, the Captain decided to go and see the camp commandant to discover his attitude, but pandemonium broke loose before they could make a move.

Italian guards abandoned their arms. Gates were opened. Officers shrugged their shoulders and said: "You are free to go. It is your affair."

Prisoners collecting bundles of clothing and food began to stream out into the countryside, most of them without any plan, content to get away from their gaol.

But the Captain called together his four oldest helpers in the tunnelling plan—two naval officers and the two Hampshires.

"It's obvious," he said, "that the Germans' first reaction will be to move in on the P.o.W. camps. We're hundreds of miles away from our own troops. None of the fellows who have left will get away. They'll be rounded up in batches and sent into Germany. I've a better plan. . . ."

The five men spent the day collecting every scrap of provisions they could gather in the deserted camp. They carried gallons of water down into the tunnel. They piled clothes—particularly civilian coats and hats—in their underground chamber, and arms and ammunition.

Then they blocked up and completely concealed the entrance and sat down for what turned out to be a twenty-day wait.

Their patience was well rewarded. The Germans, as they rounded up the escaped prisoners of war, shipped them in a great hurry to Germany. For more than a week the five men below ground in their secret hideout heard sounds of great activity. As days passed it slackened.

Long Walk

On the fourteenth day, the Captain dug himself carefully out in the exercise yard, chancing any sentries that might still be posted. He found the camp almost deserted, but a German garrison was still in occupation. He made nightly reconnaissances.

On the twentieth day the camp was deserted. The Germans had left. That night the party donned its civilian escape gear and dug itself out. One by one they crossed the exercise yard, reassembling under the 20-ft. wall beyond the wire.

Before them lay a 200-mile trek to what they guessed was the nearest Allied-held territory. That first night they walked down into the valley and at dawn found themselves near a huge farm.

The farmer's wife gave them breakfast and then led the way to two large beds. They slept like logs and at nightfall the Italian woman fed them again and wished them godspeed.

Out of Food

Bands of Italians were to be found wandering the countryside and this helped, for among them the five British officers made their way unnoticed. At dawn on the fourth day of their escape, the party, by some extraordinary mischance, blundered *inside* the wire of a German engineers' camp. They had crossed the wire in the darkness without realising what it was.

A sentry shouted after them.

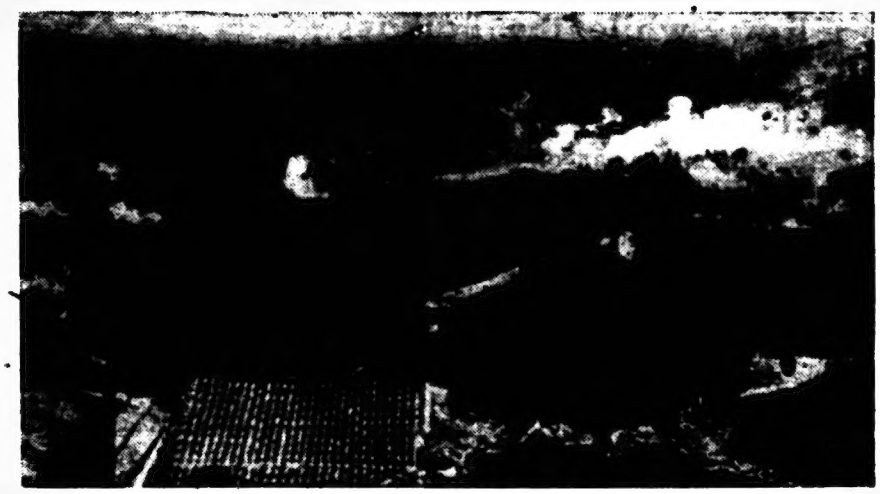
"Keep going!" the Captain whispered. "We look like labourers. Let's chance it."

Heavy steps sounded in their rear and the sentry stormed up. He cursed them in German, waving his rifle while they stood sullenly shaking their heads.

Flying into a paroxysm of rage, he jabbed his hand towards a gate. This gap in the wire had a sentry-box at each side, and suddenly it dawned on the party that the sentry was telling them they were walking the wrong way! The Captain nodded. He shouted something in Italian to his companions, and all five obligingly walked out of the camp.

After this, they were more careful, for they still had a long way to go. When they ran out of food they exchanged articles such as fountain pens and watches for provisions.

The Italians were for the most part friendly, giving them beds and food. With these folk they made no attempt to conceal the fact that they were escaping British officers.



Before dawn the German artillery laid down a barrage ahead of them.

If they were ever betrayed they never knew it. But the Italian peasants were plainly hostile to the Germans who had robbed them of their crops and horses.

On the afternoon of October 1 the party chanced on a concentration of German armour behind the shoulder of a hill. The experienced eyes of the British soldiers saw that the near-by forest would form excellent cover for troops held in tactical reserve.

"Looks as if we're moving into the fighting zone," the Captain said. And the day showed that he was right.

That evening heavy gunfire sounded. With the fall of night the party marched steadily toward the battle, avoiding the roads.

No Man's Land

German troops were everywhere—but they were too busily engaged in the fight they were putting up to bother with a band of Italian labourers.

With first light the Captain and his four men took cover in a slit trench not fifty paces from a German field battery. Heavy machine-gun and mortar fire sounded from rising ground to the right. Mortars meant that the Allied forces were at close range.

In mid-afternoon, the German infantry pulled out of its positions on the right and almost immediately R.A.F. light bombers gave them a pounding. Transport to the rear had probably given their move away. From where they lay the five men saw two direct hits on German guns. The battery never stopped firing until its only two remaining pieces were pulled out.

That night the R.A.F. bombed the area heavily, making it risky for the five to leave their shelter; but after midnight the strafe eased up and they began a journey across No Man's Land.

"This is where we catch it coming and going," a naval man said. "You soldiers earn your keep all right. Give me a ship."

British Car

Just before dawn the German artillery laid down a barrage ahead of them. The Allied artillery replied with a line of fire to their rear.

For forty minutes they lay flat in a ditch, but their luck held good. No one was hit.

When the gunfire lifted, the Captain spotted a British reconnaissance car cautiously pushing across the grassland towards a stream to the East.

He took a chance and flagged it It stopped and a machine-gun was brought to bear. The Captain walked out with his hands high waving a handkerchief. When he got within shouting distance, he hailed the crew of the car and identified himself. He added a few remarks about the machine-gun, and, obligingly, it shifted its sighting.

The party climbed aboard and were driven to a field security post for questioning. It was some hours before they were released and sent back to base.

Three of the party have arrived back in Britain. The other two are fighting again with their regiments in Italy.

It's the Army's Nervous System

COMMUNICATION is the essence of modern strategy.

When von Arnim was told to order the surrender of his men, he replied: "I cannot. My communications have broken down!" And it then became clear that—without minimising the valour of our Forces—the ultimate defeat of the Axis in the North African campaign was precipitated by the collapse of their signals. . . .

Signals! The delicate, complicated nervous system of an army in the field.

Remember that news of events in the forward battle areas has to be conveyed from the scattered platoons and detachments back to Brigade, from Brigade to Division, from Division to Corps—and from Corps right back to Army Headquarters.

Remember, too, that these news channels must be duplicated as provision against enemy action; your telephone lines may be cut; your despatch rider may be picked off by snipers; your wireless telegraphy post may be blotted out by shell-fire or dive-bombers; your teleprinter machines may equally become battle casualties; your pigeons may be intercepted by the enemy.

Yes, pigeons! Don't imagine that these winged messengers have been outmoded by more recent techniques; many a signalman has blessed the dear old pigeon when his accumulators have run dry and his Morse tapper becomes useless in his hands.

Besides being silent, the pigeon will fly unperturbed through shell-fire and is a very difficult target for a rifleman.

During the North African campaign, Middle East Headquarters were at Cairo. Signals had the job of keeping them in touch with Eighth Army Headquarters two hundred miles away at El Alamein; when Montgomery's army reached Tunisia communications had been extended to a distance of 1,600 miles by men working day and night in glaring heat, blinding sandstorms and biting winds.

They perched on telegraph poles for hours on end and buried underground cables right up to our own minefields in front of our foremost troops.

Even to-day there are small parties of two or three signals men guarding vital posts, patrolling and repairing the telephone wires right across North Africa; they are stationed, under conditions of loneliness and acute discomfort, at intervals of twenty to thirty miles. . . . They'd bless you for some of those old books you don't need!

Consider what the signals organisation requires in the way of materials and equipment.

In North Africa hundreds of telegraph poles had to be brought thousands of miles by sea, rail and desert track to build lines and replace those deliberately put out of action by the retreating enemy. Over a million pounds of copper wire was used.

In its battles between El Alamein and the Tunisian border more than 10,000 miles of field cable was used by the Eighth Army.

Within a week of the occupation of Tripoli a Staff Officer spoke to another in Baghdad; this meant that their voices travelled over nearly 4,000 miles of wire.

To-day in Italy the signals are busy once more; wireless operators with the armoured units are making for the forward areas; behind them come the linemen, busily unrolling cable to duplicate communication; amidst this activity is the constant to-ing and fro-ing of the despatch riders, the electricians repairing damaged wireless sets, and driver-mechanics re-charging the batteries. . . .

"War of nerves" is a familiar expression nowadays. But the Royal Corps of Signals are the "Nerves of war."

SAM HEPPNER.

★Now—while the Balkans are in the melting-pot—comes Turkey's great chance

THE winter strategy of the Allies, which sent the Moscow Conference away in such high spirits, has yet to be disclosed in action. But certain omens are plain. They focus attention on the Eastern Mediterranean, and particularly on Turkey.

Since Hitler's great pincer movement came to grief in the Caucasus and at Suez, the Middle East has been rather out of the immediate picture. It is so no longer.

As the Russian tide sweeps over the Ukraine towards Odessa and the Rumanian border, another pincer squeeze takes shape. But this time it is the Allied pincers.

And between the jaws of the pincers lies all that huddle of Balkan lands which Hitler, in his heyday, gobbled up so easily, and where now he is in such desperate danger.

The danger is manifold—within and without. Take, first, the position within. Ever since Stalingrad and El Alamein, and especially since the fall of Mussolini, the Balkans have become a nightmare to Hitler.

They are no longer his bridge to the Middle East. They are a crumbling bastion that he must hold with German arms.

His Italian allies, on whom he relied to man the bastion, have become his foes, and the Balkan peoples themselves have only one object. It is to escape from the brutal grasp of the tyrant.

The Greeks and the Yugoslavs have never ceased to fight against him, and to-day they are fighting more formidably and successfully than ever. The Rumanians have been bled white in Russia, and are clamouring for peace. The Bulgarians will not fight against the Russians, and the Hungarians refuse any more cannon fodder for the Germans.

* * *

Meanwhile, the pincers are closing in. The guns of the Red Army come nearer and nearer round the shores of the Black Sea, and from the south the other claw of the pincers is digging deep into the vitals of the enemy.

With the surrender of the Italian navy, our mastery of the Eastern Mediterranean is assured. Our Army is astride the leg of Italy, and the Adriatic is in our possession, with the coastline of Dalmatia open to attack whenever the moment is ripe.

From our air bases in Italy the German communications in the Balkans are under fire. The oil refineries at Ploesti, the marshalling yards at Sofia, the railways, the bridges—all the vital links in the German war machine—are being battered in preparation for the hour when the Ninth Army will strike.

When it will strike, and where it will strike we do not know. Nor does Rommel. He is tied down in Northern Italy, but he does not know whether our next major blow will fall there or elsewhere.

It may be in the Adriatic, or in the Ægean, or from Corsica, or on the Riviera, or anywhere from the Gulf of Lyons to Thrace.

Wherever it is (and they know at Moscow), the Middle East is now indubitably in the picture again as one of the critical theatres of the war.

It is this fact which lends importance to the attitude of Turkey. That country is the keystone of the Middle East position.

She is so by reason of her geographical

Even Horthy refuses to provide Hitler with any more Hungarian cannon-fodder

All Eyes On Turkey

By A. G. GARDINER

situation, by her control of the Dardanelles and by her importance as a military power.

On any reckoning, she is the most considerable potentiality amongst the neutral States.

INDEED, IT IS NOT TOO MUCH TO SAY THAT IF ONE COUNTRY ALONE MORE THAN ANY OTHER COULD SHORTEN THE WAR, IT IS TURKEY.

There has never been any doubt where her sympathies lay. She has not concealed them, and all Hitler's enticements and manœuvres have failed to deflect her from them.

In von Papen Hitler has employed the most cunning and treacherous of German diplomats to win Turkey to his side, but even in his most triumphant hour she never wavered.

Had she succumbed in that critical moment when Germany had conquered the Balkans, the whole course of the war would have been changed.

Hitler would have got access to the Middle East and to the oil he wanted, and would have delayed his fatal assault on Russia until he had secured his position in the Eastern Mediterranean.

He made the wrong move in the game he was playing. And that wrong move has proved fatal to him. For this we have to thank Turkey.

* * *

Now a situation has arisen which should convince Turkey that her duty as well as her interests call for an active, rather than a passive, part in the war.

She did her best to organise the Balkans against the aggressor. She failed and the Balkans fell, "one by one."

Now the war is coming back to the Balkans, and Turkey cannot be indifferent to the issue.

Two events have strengthened her sympathies with the Allies: (1) The brilliant success of the Moscow Conference has removed any suspicions she entertained of Russia. And (2) the setting up of the Mediterranean Council is a summons to her that she can hardly ignore

No country is more profoundly concerned with the future control of the Mediterranean than Turkey, and her prestige and her interests alike require that she should have her place on the Council.

But in the present circumstances that place can only be allocated to an active belligerent.

These considerations cannot fail to influence Turkish policy, and in Washington the authoritative *Army and Navy Journal* "counts definitely upon Turkey adopting a pro-belligerent attitude in favour of the United Nations."

However this may be, it is evident that the relations between Turkey and the Allies are being tightened, and the meeting in Cairo of Mr. Eden with the Turkish Foreign Minister has deepened the gloom that pervades Berlin.

* * *

It is deplorable that at such a critical moment so mischievous an incident should have happened as that in the Lebanon. The malevolence of Goebbels himself could not have conceived anything more calculated to serve the Nazi cause, and to discredit the Allies.

Naturally, it has been exploited by the enemy to promote two of his sinister purposes.

The first is to create a cleavage between Britain and France. We are being held up to odium among the French people as the enemies of the French empire.

The second purpose is to inflame the Arab race by representing the Allies as the enemies of their interests.

That poison has been poured into the minds of the Arabs for years by the propaganda of Hitler and Mussolini, and the evil it has done has been a deadly handicap to us throughout the war.

It is shocking that it should be aggravated by the incredible folly of representatives of the people whose empire and liberties we have done so much to recover for them.

At an earlier stage such treachery to the cause might have had serious consequences. But we have passed the danger point.

The Moscow Conference has welded the Anglo-Russian-American alliance into an indestructible engine of victory.

This winter will bear witness to that fact. The pincers are closing in from the Black Sea and the Mediterranean.

When we clasp hands with the Russians in the Balkans Hitler's "twelve o'clock" will have struck.

Third-Time-Unlucky Germans!

FIRST snow has fallen on the Ukrainian battlefields west of Kiev, a German radio commentator announced the other day.

Millions of Germans at home will have shuddered when hearing the news, and thought of what it all means for their menfolk on the Eastern Front: a third winter of war in Russia!

★ ★ ★

Will it be worse than the first and the second?

The first was dreadful, because the German armies were utterly unequipped for it; Hitler was convinced, when he attacked Russia in June, 1941, that it would be all finished in six weeks or two months.

Without proper winter clothing, hundreds of thousands of soldiers froze to death.

The second was not much better: this time the men were better protected against cold, and the winter happened to be milder and also shorter throughout Europe, but it was the period of the military disasters in Stalingrad and the Caucasus, of the heavy blows at Rhzev and Volkov.

The Germans were never given a break at any part of the long front, so that in the end the second winter cost them even more men than the first, this time through war casualties rather than through frostbite and illness.

When gauging third Russian Germans, let u High Command sary precautions is concerned.

Incidentally, S specialists who the equipment found it inadeq the sheepskins high-boots of th

The Germans comparative advan retreat has bro many hundred some 300 from some 800 from dok to the mou which means a ing of their line

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Another aggravation of the German situation since last winter is the improvement of the guerillas' organisation in their rear, which has become a Nazi nightmare.

Not only is the spirit of the partisans in Russia, Poland and in the Balkans much higher than before, but their equipment, armament and training have greatly improved.

The winter has proved the season of the year in which the Russians are definitely superior, especially in offensive operations.

There is no reason to believe that this will not be again the case this time, when fresh army corps, carefully spared and trained for the winter campaign, are waiting to go into action.

There is every reason to believe that the winter of 1943-44 in Russia will be as hard and disastrous for Germany's armies as the two preceding it.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

However this may be, it is evident that the relations between Turkey and the Allies are being tightened, and the meeting in Cairo of Mr. Eden with the Turkish Foreign Minister has deepened the gloom that pervades Berlin.

* * *

It is deplorable that at such a critical moment so mischievous an incident should have happened as that in the Lebanon. The malevolence of Goebbels himself could not have conceived anything more calculated to serve the Nazi cause, and to discredit the Allies.

Naturally, it has been exploited by the enemy to promote two of his sinister purposes.

The first is to create a cleavage between Britain and France. We are being held up to odium among the French people as the enemies of the French empire.

The second purpose is to inflame the Arab race by representing the Allies as the enemies of their interests.

That poison has been poured into the minds of the Arabs for years by the propaganda of Hitler and Mussolini, and the evil it has done has been a deadly handicap to us throughout the war.

It is shocking that it should be aggravated by the incredible folly of representatives of the people whose empire and liberties we have done so much to recover for them.

At an earlier stage such treachery to the cause might have had serious consequences. But we have passed the danger point.

The Moscow Conference has welded the Anglo-Russian-American alliance into an indestructible engine of victory.

This winter will bear witness to that fact. The pincers are closing in from the Black Sea and the Mediterranean.

When we clasp hands with the Russians in the Balkans Hitler's "twelve o'clock" will have struck.

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VICTOR SCHIFF.

You Must Kick Up a Fuss

★ Members of the War Cabinet have all said something colourful about the Peace, but concrete foundations are not built on words says SWAFFER

YOU can still have your new world. But if you really want it, you will have to kick up a devil of a row.

Your rulers—now that the peril is over and the date of the end of the war is a matter of bets—are either sneering about it or equivocating, temporising and explaining how it is beyond achievement.

Frankly, only the will of a united rank-and-file of the workers, only a common front of the masses against the vested interests that, so far, have stood in the way, can succeed where timorousness and indecision have failed.

Cynical Words

I heard, with amazement and disgust, the Prime Minister's cynical words at the new Lord Mayor's inaugural luncheon:

"*This is no time for persons who have practical war work to do to dream easy dreams of brave new worlds. We must keep our sense of proportion.*"

So, in the mind of the Tory Party, for whom as leader—and as Grand Master of the cave-minded Primrose League!—he spoke, all the pledges of 1940 were to be forgotten.

Instead, "food, work and homes" was to be the watered-down programme!

In 1943 we were almost back, long earlier even than the time of the "land fit for heroes," to the days of "three acres and a cow."

Still, Winston—in 1930—had written in his autobiography his own epitaph. This was what, then, he said:

"*Those who can win a war can rarely make a good peace; and those who could make a good peace would never have won the war. It would perhaps be pressing the argument too far to suggest I could do both.*"

Is he, after admitting that, to go to the country in a post-war election and, hailed as "The man who won the war," to be given the job of planning—or refusing to plan—the future of the race that saved the world?

Full Measure

Do you remember what was promised us in the days when Britain stood all alone, deserted by the cowardly leaders of France, without arms and with only the stalwartness and the courage of the ordinary men and women as a shield against all-conquering Germany?

"We are determined that the world shall not be the same after the war is over as it was before," avowed Anthony Eden, speaking as Foreign Minister to the whole nation on the air. "No half measures, no buying off of implacable enemies, but a full measure of peace between free peoples."

Herbert Morrison looks as if he's having difficulty in turning those glowing week-end speeches into solid plans

That was on August 14, 1940.

Two years later we were buying off Darlan and Peyrouten—and Victor Emmanuel!

A week before, A. V. Alexander, the First Lord of the Admiralty—this was when the Navy wanted ships, and merchantmen were scarce—made, for the Government, the first unqualified pledge that I recall.

"Our working men and women have responded magnificently to any and every call made upon them," he declared.

Then, the masses were working ceaselessly in the factories and the shipyards — toiling almost to breaking point.

And so Alexander, to hearten them amid the tenseness of the strain, put the promise thus:

"*Their reward must be a new Britain.*"

Three Years Ago

A month later the horrors of the *Blitz* began. The behaviour of our island people, in all those grim perils, was a lesson to all mankind.

There started, in London, nine months of continuous bombing. Ten weeks after it began—on November 20, 1940—Duff Cooper, the Minister of Information and a Tory, held out high hopes.

"*When the war is over,*" he said—and it was his job to convey to the public news of the Government's intentions—"*it will be our duty to rebuild a better, saner and more beautiful pattern.*"

Four days later, Ernest Bevin, a member of the War Cabinet, heralded the dawn of a new era of idealism. Here are his own words:

"*I want to give you a new motive for industry and for life. I suggest that at the end of this war we accept social security as the main motive of all our national life. . . .* A new age has to be built. *What greater contribution can we pay to those who are suffering at the moment than to say that this time it is not really in vain?*"

Next day, Clement Attlee—another member of the War Cabinet, and therefore its spokesman—gave another promise.

"While we are planning for war, we are also planning for peace," he said. "We must look forward to a future based on world prosperity."

A third member of the War Cabinet, this time Herbert Morrison, was equally certain about the great changes that were to come.

"*In the days of peace,*" he told us, "*a new society and a new Britain have got to be built.*"

Now all that happened three years ago.

Yet only last week the "social security" which Bevin considered necessary as "the main motive of all our national life" was still being watered down.

Lord Astor

Herbert Morrison warned us that the minimums considered necessary by Sir William Beveridge would not receive "a whole-hog acceptance," and Beveridge replied that his proposals for the abolition of want were the least controversial of all the reconstruction schemes!

"If the Government makes such heavy weather about that easy problem," Sir William went on, "what chance is there of tackling, in time and with vigour, much harder problems that lie behind?

"My plan"—the one the Government is watering down—"should be regarded as a minimum, not as a maximum."

Meanwhile, Lord Astor, a millionaire, had been standing among the *blitzed* ruins of Plymouth, of which he is Lord Mayor. For months, he and the civic chiefs of the other bombed towns and cities had been urging, in vain, the crying need for an end of all the land-sharks whose site-buying stood in the way of replanning, rebuilding and rehabilitation.

A man of idealistic social consciousness, he astounded the House of Lords by declaring that, although he began life as a Conservative, delay had made him wonder whether a Radical or Socialist or even the Communist Party would be speedy enough in passing the legislation required!

Churchill's own ideas for a post-war world are based, by his own admissions, on traditionalism.

He typifies it in his ridiculous desire to rebuild the House of Commons exactly as it was.

Yet the House of Commons is too small to hold its M.P.s. It has tiny public galleries in which, on big days, only a hundredth of the taxpayers who want to hear how their money is being spent can get a seat, and such small accommodation for the Press that not one overseas or Dominion correspondent has a desk in it!

Tory Party

We want not only a new House of Commons, one worthy of the importance of its deliberations—but the new order of society that we were promised.

All this reverence for dead ideas must stop! All this faith in the past must end! All this mockery over "easy dreams of brave new worlds" must be silenced by the voice of a great nation.

Actually, dreams are uneasy. They disturb sleep.

We weren't afraid of Hitler. Surely we are not going to be afraid of ourselves. . . .

This, I again repeat, is the hour of Britain's unique opportunity to transform, redeem and civilise its national life.

And if the Tory Party—the Party which Churchill declared in his Liberal days was "the Party of vested interests which favours dear food for the million and cheap labour for the millionaire"—stands in the way of that national regeneration, well, what are you going to do?

A Legend of the Blitz

★ Mrs. John experienced her own private Judgment Day while London burned and rocked under a mighty blitz

By GERALD KERSH

Out of pity for her own children she envied the warmly clothed children of the lady whose floors she scrubbed; and once she started to steal a woollen vest

"JOHN BULL'S" SHORT STORY

ON this night, the most wonderful and astonishing night of her life, Mrs. John slept deeply for once. She did not hear the sirens, and even the advancing thunder of the exploding bombs failed to awaken her; she was a very weary woman, quite worn out.

When a five-hundred-pound bomb burst two streets away and her window blew in, she started awake, but she was so desperately tired that she could not immediately grasp the significance of what was happening.

She caught a glimpse of lurid light flickering somewhere in the night beyond the shattered window-panes, heard something that might have been the throbbing of a sick headache expressed in terms of sound up in the sky.

Then there was a windy hiss. The whole world seemed to burst open. She saw an unbearable glare of white-hot light, shut her eyes, and then felt herself flying away on a hot blast like burnt paper up a chimney.

"What has happened to me?" she wondered. She felt indescribably light and free Was she flying?

A long time passed before she dared to open her eyes. When she did so she saw something sad and strange.

FAR, far below her London burned. She saw the dancing fires. They became pin-points. She was rushing away at breathless speed.

In five seconds the whole earth lay beneath her, round and silvery, no bigger than a sixpence. It became a speck and disappeared.

All the stars dropped away from her and went out like sparks from a firework. There was nothing but darkness and a roaring wind, bitterly cold.

Mrs. John was swept upwards. "What will these Germans do next?" she asked herself.

But before she had time even to think of an answer she felt herself seized, swung round, and dragged to a standstill.

Blinking about her with terrified eyes, she saw that she stood in a strange and terrible place of shadows—literally, of shadows

Her heart sank as she looked down an infinite corridor, cold and awful, dreadfully grey, sickeningly endless.

As she stood and shivered she heard a voice say: "Mary Ann John, come with me."

The voice was stern and expressionless: it proceeded from a gentleman clothed from head to foot in something like a cowled robe which might have been woven from a rain-cloud.

He beckoned. She followed. Looking back, she saw now that the infinite corridor lay behind her. Turning her head again, she beheld the interior of an unimaginably vast domed place, bright and shining as a bubble that catches the rays of the sun.

Tier upon tier, in this stupendous hall, beautiful bright angels stood in silence. The quiet was profound. Every face was turned towards the remote end of the hall.

Mrs. John also looked in that direction and saw nothing but a radiance . . . a glorious refulgence of such ineffable splendour that she covered her eyes with her hands.

She knew then that she had died, and that she was standing now before the Throne of God.

THEN she felt a coldness, as when a cloud passes over the face of the sun. A great black angel was standing behind her. The Black Angel laid a hand upon her head, and the touch of it was paralysing like the absolute cold of outer space.

Out of the radiance came the Voice of God. It said: "The case of Mary Ann John. The Prosecution may speak."

Mrs. John looked at the face of the Black Angel, and she shuddered: it was dark and sad, sublimely terrible in its complete pitilessness.

The Black Angel spoke in a voice like the crash of breaking ice:

"Lord God, King of the Universe, according to Thy Laws I call for the damnation of Mary Ann John. She has lied. She has stolen. She has committed perjury. She has neglected her duty to Thee. She has blasphemed Thy holy Name.

"She has sinned the sin of covetousness and mocked Thy holy Saints. She has defiled Thy Gospels. She died in mortal sin, unrepentant. The evidence in detail is written in the Records. Lord, I call for a verdict of Guilty."

MRS. JOHN began to cry. "I didn't mean any harm, I'm sure, my Lord," she said, as the tears ran between her fingers over the backs of her scarred hands.

The Voice of God said: "My child, have you nothing to say for yourself?"

Mrs. John could only sob: "I'm sure I never meant to do anything wrong. . . ."

"The Defence will speak," said the Voice out of the Light.

The Black Angel stood aside. A great white angel appeared. Now he laid his hand on Mrs. John's head, and she felt a sweet peace in all her veins. The White Angel spoke:

"Father, what my brother says is true. Nevertheless, I plead that Mary Ann John be admitted into Paradise. It is true that she has stolen, but, Lord, never for herself; only for her children, and then only once, when they were very young and there was no bread in the house.

"She stole two silver spoons and pawned them for two shillings. Of the food that she bought with this money she herself did not taste one mouthful, although it was winter and she had not eaten for three days.

"It is true that she has committed perjury, lying upon Thy Book. But not for herself, only for her husband, who was on trial for beating her. He threw her out of a window and broke her arm. To save him, she swore by the Almighty God that she had fallen by accident.

"Her husband rewarded her for this by running away and leaving her to support three young children. Hence, Father, the theft of the two silver spoons.

"It is true, also, that she has been covetous; but not for herself, my God! Out of pity for her own children she envied the warmly clothed children of the lady whose floors she scrubbed; and once she started to steal a woollen vest—she hid it under her skirt, intending to give it to her youngest son, who was sickly.

"But her heart failed her and she put the garment back in its drawer. Thou wouldst not judge her for that? Father, it is true that she has blasphemed Thy Name.

"She was worn out with watching, and when her child died one midnight she cried out and said: 'If there is a God, where is He?' Father, have pity. She was sick at heart and blind with sorrow.

"Dear God, consider the life of this woman, Thy child, through sixty bitter years! Her poverty was terrible, and yet she gave away.

"She gave herself, wholly, so that there was nothing left but a shivering bundle of bones in a withered envelope.

"Of the two sons that remained to her, one became a worthless criminal. She worked day and night to give him money because she knew that if she did not he would steal, and she wanted to save him from sin.

"IN the end he became a soldier and died gallantly to save a friend. The other son married, but died, and this woman worked to feed his children.

"Later, when she found work, she redeemed the silver spoons and sent them back. Father let this be forgiven

They ill-used her and laughed at her, and yet she bore it all in patience and was kind to them until they were old enough to go away and leave her, desperately lonely and poor, to struggle alone.

"Father! she neither ate nor slept, if her neighbours needed her help. What time had she to pray to Thee, O God, since all her life was toil?

"And yet I say that the life of this woman, Mary Ann John, was one great prayer, from the time when a girl of ten, she nursed her young sisters, until tonight when, too weary to stand, she lay down to sleep her last sleep on earth before the bomb fell that killed her. Mercy for this woman, Lord God!"

Mrs. John wept again. The Voice spoke, and it trembled a little as it rolled and reverberated in the shining Hall of Judgment:—

"This woman has done no wrong. My child, the Kingdom of Heaven is yours."

The mighty assembly rose, with a great shout of joy, and the Black Angel smiled. As he smiled, his face became beautiful. The Voice said: "Mary Ann John, all that you desire is yours."

With trembling hands the old woman smoothed her apron and looked right and left over the wondrous fields of Paradise.

She blinked at the singing cherubim, and at the assembled Saints and Angels; glanced timorously at the shining Archangels; patted her hair with an unsteady hand and said: "And now . . . may I go home please?"

Instantly, everything disappeared like smoke. She caught a glimpse of a glorious Face, smiling in gentle pity.

Then that also disappeared and she felt herself hurtling down. . . . and the stars rushed up past her, and the earth flew towards her and she was aware of a sudden coldness and a blackness, and a deadly sickness.

Then there was a crash and a rumble, and she found herself lying, shaken but quite unhurt, in the ruins of the little house, looking up at a fireman who was stooping to pick her up.

"I'm all right," she said. Only for a moment, she felt a strange and poignant sense of loss.

Then she brushed herself down and remembered that at six o'clock in the morning she had an office to scrub, and so she hobbled away.

THEY LOVE

I READ this recently in a Sunday paper:

"Perhaps now we should regard Reinhardt's work as a last gesture of a theatrical epoch that is now ended and will not be restored."

See anything odd about it?

Well, read it aloud and consider the word "now" underlined in each case.

The writer could have written: "Perhaps to-day we should regard Reinhardt's work . . . etc."

But he used the word "now" twice instead.

You'd think the plain statement would be good enough, but it isn't. You have to stick a "now" in.

No, you may not have noticed, but it is becoming a fever. All the newspapers are at it. War reports, comments, leaders, they all have it. When in doubt say "Now." When not in doubt say "Now." Shove "Now" in on every possible occasion.

Since I've pointed it out to you you'll be able to spot it for yourself.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Sleeping On the Floor

AMONG the most depressing sights war time London provides is to be seen at one or other of the big railway termini almost any night of the week.

Soldiers, sailors, and airmen crowd on to waiting-room tables and forms until they are crammed, and then overflow on to the floors.

The crush is sometimes so great that not even floor space is available.

Men who have been travelling 20, 24 hours, and even more, dump their kit-bags down and try to sleep half-sitting, half-standing, with their faces pressed against the cold walls.

WITHOUT FOOD

Many of the people who you see thus waiting the miseries of the first few hours of their leave are young girls in the women's services—tired, frozen, beaten.

Men and women alike arrive in the early hours of morning from distant destinations and seek to cross London to other termini.

They have to make the journey on foot—and, when they have completed it, probably find it more difficult to find six feet of floor for a bed than at the station they have just left.

That is the London picture—and the same holds good at hundreds of provincial stations throughout the country.

Can't the authorities concerned with war time travel do a little more to make leave the happy time it should be from the first hour to the last?

Many of the people who have to sleep in such conditions of utter discomfort are scarcely fortified for the ordeal by the experiences that have gone before.

Some have travelled on trains with dining-cars. There are still a few.

As a rule, they have had to travel in packed corridors, for you are still denied a seat in the dining-car if you don't buy a meal—which few people in uniform can afford to do.

ARMY HAS TRIED

The railway authorities point out that dining-cars are heavy. Take off one dining-car and you can afford to put on two ordinary passenger compartments.

Why isn't it done in the interests of Service people? Let buns and tea be sold to the hungry.

It is all the man and woman in uniform can afford.

It wouldn't hurt anybody to have the same fare in the interests of greater comfort all round.

Then, too, many of the station canteens for Service people stop cooking at six or seven in the evening. They serve nothing but tea and cake in those cold, dark hours when the stomachs of men and women who have to sleep on waiting-room floors cry out for inner warmth.

Snack counters should be opened on provincial stations where there are none. London should have more of the kind to be found on Euston station, where more than a million snacks have been served, mainly to people in uniform, since January last.

But, most important of all, there should be bunks at least for every one of the Servicemen and women likely to be stranded at railway stations on any one night.

The military authorities have done their share to this end. They have provided sleeping bunks at eighty stations—"ladies only" accommodation at forty.

They plan to increase this accommodation by a thousand bunks in the near future.

Thanks in large measure to them, twelve thousand men and women can be accommodated in bunks at night in the London area.

EMPTY HOTEL

But it is estimated that as many as 15,000 sometimes seek such accommodation. The figure for the country as a whole must be tremendous.

Other authorities must help until the full need has been met.

There is accommodation waiting near many of the stations.

Indeed, midway between Paddington, Marylebone, Euston, St. Pancras and King's Cross stations, and an easy walk from any one of them, is an empty hotel with a hundred bedrooms—representing accommodation for how many of the people you will find on those stations sleeping a sleep that is no sleep at all?

Surely he and the other stranded Servicemen deserve a warm bed?

YOUTH NEEDS UNDERSTANDING

STRANGE things have been happening in the Juvenile Courts in the last month or so.

There have been judgments that have horrified.

I am not including the notorious Hereford case. About that, until the findings of the special inquiry have been made known, I make no statement.

Elsewhere, one boy of fifteen and several not much older have been sent to adult prisons—as in the old, unenlightened days.

Not, I admit, for the offences that have earned them the attention of the Law.

They have broken out of the homes to which they were remanded—sometimes more than once. Boys are, perhaps, apt to break away from control they resent.

★ There is something wrong at the top when 300 birchings a year still take place. It could be the magistrates

And so they have been sent to prison.

Then a ten-year-old boy has been torn away from his parents for three years—three vastly important years, if you know anything about puberty—by the Honorary Sheriff-Substitute up at Fort William.

He was a mite of six when the war came to throw everything out of focus.

His offence: throwing a turnip at the front door of a council house and stealing oddments of fish. His record: never in trouble before.

He will be in his teens when his distracted parents get him back again.

That case was decided—and sentence passed—by a local headmaster.

And there is local feeling that it isn't fair to a local headmaster to ask him to be judge and jury of a local pupil, with power to tear him from his parents for a period of years.

I would try to be just—as no doubt that headmaster was—faced with such a duty.

But, untrained as I am in the gigantic task of diverting hesitant youth to good citizenship instead of crime, I would regard it as grossly unfair to me to entrust me with such a task.

I've examined some hundreds of recent decisions in the Juvenile Courts.

I will not compare them—except to say that a lad can get six months' probation or three years in a home, depending on where he chooses to commit a specific offence.

Even more disquieting things have been happening.

There was the case of the police chief who believed that green birches should be used—calculated to draw blood.

A Cardiff alderman suggested that high police officers should be allowed to birch boys on the spot, without trial.

A retiring Denbigh councillor thought it silly to bring youngsters to trial.

All you needed, he suggested, was a police officer to administer a soft strap there and then.

Just as if you can drop all ideas of justice where boys are concerned.

Let us therefore recognise the main difficulty in dealing with recalcitrant children.

We are not appointing the right magistrates.

They are too old. They are not sympathetic enough to and understanding enough of youth.

When war broke out only 13 per cent. of them were under fifty. Most of them were between sixty and sixty-nine.

During the war, young men have been away with the Colours, or doing war work.

The average age has gone up.

We are in the position of having to put up with the best we can get—a poor best.

Yet on October 31 last Juvenile Court panels reached the end of their tenure.

After that, magistrates had to choose new juvenile panels from the (on the whole) poor material available.

They will have to serve for three years unless something is done about it.

Three vital years. Three years in which we must do something better than we have been doing for youth.

We are thousands short in the matter of those sensible people known as probation officers.

Wealthy local authorities save children from crime by submitting them to psychologists or other specialists.

Poorer authorities just birch them.

There are still 300 birchings a year.

We speak of the problem of the naughty child.

I urge the bigger problem of Naughty Authority.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. H. Hawkes, Lyme Green Road, South Yardley, Birmingham, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are invited about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THIS WORD

The next time you're reading a newspaper go over it carefully.

I can't understand why the Press has fallen for it. It's such a ridiculous word. Say it over a dozen times aloud and you'll see what I mean.

Now, now, now, now, now, now, now . . .

It makes an animal sort of sound. It's the sort of noise you'd expect to hear in a zoo.

Now I've warned you (there! I've done it!!), watch out for it. It will begin to get on your nerves as much as it has already got on mine. I loathe the very sight of the word, and as for the sound of it—well, no zoo noises for me.

"Now" is the mystery word of the year. I wonder why.

Very much more of this ghastly, silly-sounding word and I shall begin to lose my reason.

I beg your pardon?

You think I must be losing my reason already to worry about such a ridiculous trifle?

Now! now!

A. G.

NO HOSE FOR FRITZ

ONE of the German A.R.P. appliances is an anti-gas spray which by order of the rubber control must have a length of hose exceeding two and a half metres. This left retailers with remnants which were uncontrolled. "Hoch," shouted Fritz, "a few of these pieces connected up will make a garden hose." But now, retailers must fill up a two-page form and give full details of every bit, so that it cannot provide water for the garden but await official orders as to its fate.

Britain, too, needs rubber urgently, and now that autumn is here your garden hose, if split and leaky, can help the war effort. So can the old tennis or golf balls, the cycle tyres and tubes which have become completely worn out, the old rubber soles and heels which have been replaced by new in readiness for bad weather. Put them all out for salvage right away

Kipling would have enjoyed the impudence and courage of the fast cargo ship that sailed alone among modern pirates

By Commodore G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

MEN AGAINST TORPEDOES

★

The lookout told of a second torpedo foaming along beside the first and coming from a slightly different angle

★

LET me tell you a tale of an unconvoyed fast cargo ship, skippered by Captain Robert Hopkins.

She was travelling alone, at a good pace, through what is recognised as one of the most dangerous stretches of water in the war time world. Men were at action stations, gunners standing by the guns, hoses out.

For this ship carried a most important cargo, and Axis espionage leaves no stone unturned to try to discover such passages and send news ahead to the waiting wolf-packs of the underseas.

The torpedo came gliding out of the spume and hit her fairly, seeming to lift her out of the water so that it seemed that she must break her back.

As the noise and chaos subsided the seamen stood steady at their posts, waiting for the order from the Master.

He judged that the ship would live; her engines were still turning; he meant to see that important cargo of his right into port, despite hell, hail and Hitler.

Still Making Headway

And then, out of the haze, came a sudden flash from what was probably a 4-in. gun. The German Kapitan, watching from his conning-tower, had noticed with annoyance that this damned Britisher was still making headway.

He could so easily finish off this impudent tramp, already almost broken in two, with a few shots from his guns; it would give the gunners some amusement.

That was what *he* thought!

But the tramp's gunners were waiting and watching for that distant flash from the mist, and before you could say "knife" they had plumped a couple of solid 4-inchers back at it. The big shells exploded to port of the target.

The Germans now opened a gun-duel in grim earnest, for they did not care to tuck down their tails and run, and if they stayed the damned English were obviously going to make things hot for them.

To and fro the shells whined, casting up great spouts of water. And then the fight came to a sudden end—for Captain Hopkins' men put two beauties one on each side of the U-boat, which had become visible for a time.

Despite Damage

Although both shells landed in the water, the enemy was seen to stagger violently, and then to sheer off, sneaking away into some mist.

The fast ship that was a fast ship no longer, with a gaping wound torn in her iron side, stumped slowly on her way.

Down below, Chief Engineer Richard Viner was doing remarkable things to his engines. The explosion had almost lifted them from their beds; serious damage had inevitably been done.

It was apparent to the expert eye that things might suddenly become unshipped from their places, and the mighty rods and pistons with tens of thousands of horse-power behind them might swing madly about, killing men and smashing the internal parts of the ship.

Viner and his men did not turn a hair. They carried on quietly, trying to get an increase in speed, exchanging banter, laying bets on the progress of the battle in which all their lives were forfeit.

The ship sailed on.

They all knew that the U-boat had not done with them—if she was not too much damaged by those near-misses she would try once more to put them down the Locker.

That she had been damaged was certain.

It was half an hour after the abrupt breaking off of the gun attack that another torpedo was spotted by a lookout.

As Captain Hopkins began to alter course, another lookout's voice told of a second torpedo foaming along behind the first and from a slightly different angle.

But for the clean lines of the fast ship and the high speed that Viner and his men down below had managed to attain, despite the vessel's grave injuries, she must inevitably have been hit by one or both of these torpedoes, in which case she would have broken and gone down like a stone, probably without a single survivor.

Ship Sailed Only

But she answered gallantly to the helm, and Hopkins' lightning decisions.

The men at the stern gun sent a couple of ranging shells in the direction from which the torpedoes had come, as the two monster weapons of destruction went coursing past, setting back the German war effort a further £5,000 in wasted weapons.

Whether those last two shells of this "staggered" duel scored, who knows? No claim was made concerning that U-boat except that she had been visibly damaged.

But, after those two shells, there was silence. No more attacks were made on the slowed and crippled ship. No other U-boat was called to the kill.

The sea tossed to the horizons in desolate emptiness. The wind whined and the mist rolled and parted.

Was the Herr Kapitan bending over his "logarithm table"—that comprehensive list of Allied shipping carried by every U-boat, and "assessing" the tonnage of the ship he thought he had sunk? Or was he gasping out his life thirty fathoms under, with the deepsea fishes swirling round him as they would have swirled about the men he meant to drown?

The ship sailed on.

A long course lay between it and the nearest port. It was impossible while at sea accurately to estimate just how much damage had been done to the hull; what had been done to engines and superstructure was deadly enough.

But Hopkins was obstinately determined to bring the ship home.

Storms tried her, and sunshine came and beat down treacherously on her only to herald other storms worse than the last.

And she made port. . . .

Skipper, officers and shore officials went over her. The latter were amazed that she had ever got back to land, but they were too discreet to mention such a view to Captain Hopkins.

One thing became painfully apparent. There was not the slightest chance of getting the repairs she needed done there. They required a dry-dock and also such skilled labour and special machinery as only exists in the great ports of the world

The shore officials spoke soothingly of tugs and armed patrol boats as escorts, and passage on another ship for Captain Hopkins and his ship's company.

His ship's company then stood delightedly round and listened to their Skipper's stiff remarks to the effect that his ship had come in under her own power, and that she was going out under her own power, and going to make a proper repair port under her own power.

Under-Statement

"It's a rather badly infested route—lots of U-boats," someone said doubtfully. "You haven't much speed now for travelling alone."

"We beat off one of them, and, if we have to, we shall try to deal with another," Hopkins said. "Damn their impudence! Am I going to let a lot of sausages keep me on land like some old woman with rheumatics?"

Well, that was the answer to that. The crew and the other officers went grinning back to battle-quarters.

The journey which now had to be made in this broken ship was along a route known even in official communications as "submarine-infested waters." And the Admiralty has the British genius for under-statement!

But the old hooker chugged her way out to sea, with her insides held together by baulks of timber and bits of girders and shored-up cargo, and her engines jam-banging out the most ghastly death-rattle tune; she was as terrifying in her ruined beauty as a drunken chaperone who forgets that she is no longer Queen of the May, but she was still as fast as an elderly chorus-girl, and she had the heart of Nelson's *Victory*.

She crabbed along over the tossing seas, through fine weather and foul; she offered a target for U-boats as wide as a barn door, and the first knock would have turned her into a crippled and sitting target.

And she made the big port she was heading for, and got her repairs done properly, and put to sea again in a time that, before the war, would have been blankly stated to be impossible.

Hats off to Skipper Hopkins and Engineer Viner and the rest of that ship's company. They did a very gallant thing, saved a valuable ship and a vital cargo, and ensured her return to service in the shortest possible time.

More than that! They showed Jerry, for the thousandth time in this sea war, where he stands!

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

FROM the crew of a big Western Ocean liner: "No doubt our little trials and difficulties are relatively unimportant compared with the war effort; yet little things are the basis upon which is built the morale of a whole ship's company."

This particular "little thing" was the problem of seamen's mail. Officialdom had introduced a new form of mail-delivery, and was confident it would secure favourable results.

But immediately "Forum" reported the hitch, official programmes were changed and mail will now be delivered with *as little delay as humanly possible.*

Well, JOHN BULL must acknowledge the kindly, unstinted, sympathetic help received from certain official departments.

Team work by merchant seamen, "Forum" and official executives can work wonders; let's keep it up!

Team work has logged the following successes:

First, for Industrial Insurance purposes and for payment of Union Benefits in future, informal certificates relating to seamen reported missing will be issued *free of charge;* application for such certificates should be made to the Registrar-General of Shipping and Seamen, Cardiff.

Second, officers and men on service abroad whose presence at home to settle family affairs is essential can be assured of sympathetic assistance from the British Consul or the local office of the M.O.W.T., Reserve Pool.

So we could go on. So we must go on. It's Team Work that does it!

WORRY

WHAT is worrying you? Is it something small and mean? Something that irritates you and thrusts itself between, life's fine and bigger things, and the work you wish to do? If so, then you're enlarging through worry, the thing that is worrying you!

WHAT is worrying you? Do you wish you could help such folk change? Yet you know if you spoke they'd deny such a fault and wriggle out of truth's range. Therefore, make a change in yourself, stop worrying and instead seek to give, a clear example by how you behave of the way you feel God means us to live.

J. M.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FROM Malta, Bdr. L. S. Harrison, R.A., writes to his family at Lucknow Drive, Mapperley, Nottingham:

I have managed to scrounge another "tape," so if I get a third I may be a sergeant one of these days, and after that anything may happen.

Yesterday I was in Valetta, and at the door of one of the houses was a goat-herd milking one of his goats while the housewife waited for her milk. They get it fresh that way.

Malta is full of strange contrasts—the richer women wearing the latest thing in fashionable frocks, while the middle and working class women appear in the queerest garments imaginable.

Many of them wear the Faldetta, which is a sort of black cloak covering the head and most of the body. This type of garment dates back to the time when Malta was invaded by the Turks.

Strange place! At one hand magnificent churches built regardless of cost, on the other, the most squalid houses inhabited by poverty-stricken people.

Always Football

From India to Iceland, the Forces will, on the slightest provocation, play football. In North Africa an R.A.F. team, playing away from home, met defeat, but a good time was had by all. Cpl. B. Rosely, R.A.F., writes to his family at Glen Road, Sheffield:

We went into town to play a French team under the impression that it was going to be a friendly amateur game without frills, but we found it a ceremonial affair.

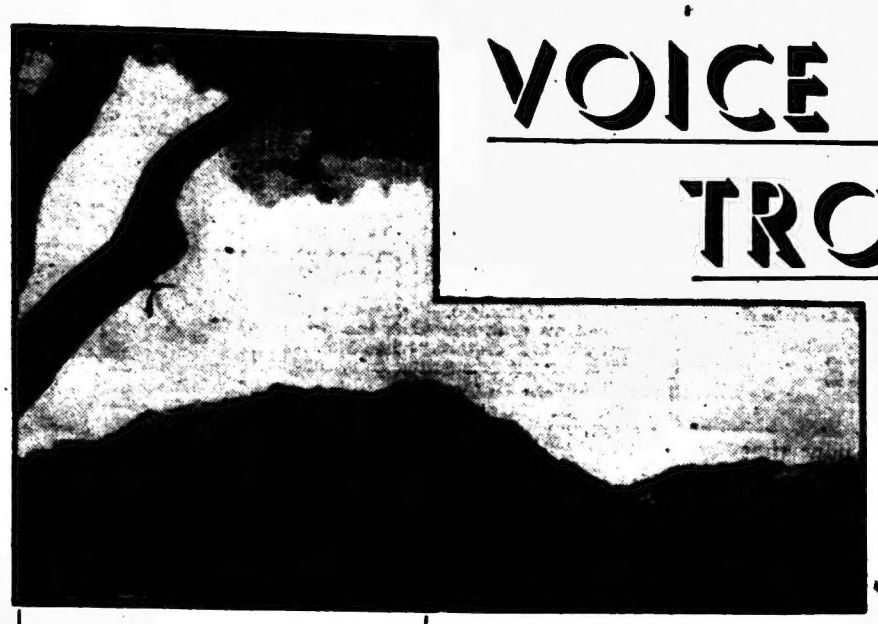
Imagine our surprise when our lorry drew into the town to see huge banners slung across the streets announcing a "Grand Football Match—R.A.F. *versus* the French Army."

In place of a football pitch on any old piece of ground that we had imagined we found that the ground was impressive, with pavilions and grandstands and a band to play us in. Worse still, some thousands of innocents had paid eighteen francs each to see us play.

Well, it was an amusing game; the spectators paid their money, had their fun, and we lost the game.

Afterwards the Mayor and other local big shots entertained us at the largest café in the town, where we had high tea followed by champagne.

Everybody made speeches that few understood, but we all cheered in the same language. Then we sang songs and danced the evening through. What a day!



Gunner Moore sees scenes like this in Ceylon

Down the Mine

Serving in India, Cpl. G. Bourne, Worcester Regt., goes down a gold-mine and writes home to his parents at Halloy, Droitwich:

A party of us visited a gold-mine, but unfortunately we were not allowed to bring back any samples of the precious yellow stuff as souvenirs. It was my first time underground, and when we were lowered in a ramshackle cage a distance of 7,000 ft. below the surface it was a thrill.

We walked along tunnels and got hotter and hotter as we went down and down into the workings. We took off clothing, but we were no cooler. There was a pleasant surprise when an Indian appeared with large jugs of iced water.

It was nice to see where some of the gold comes from, but I should hate to work down there in that heat.

The Rains Came

From Hove to Ceylon is a long way, but they have "weather" in both places. Showers at Hove and the monsoon at Ceylon. Gnr. C. A. Moore, R.A., writes to a friend at Byron Street, Hove, Sussex:

The weather has now reached the monsoon season, and when it rains it pours. Queer how it falls; yesterday we were going along in an Army truck with the rain coming down in torrents just in front of us. It was like a great curtain of water moving along the road, and we followed it without getting wet.

You can often see the rain approaching, and a sudden gust of wind may bring it right down on you, a proper downpour which sweeps everything before it. Then it stops suddenly and you can watch it going away.

Apart from beetles, snakes, crocodiles and other crawling things, life here is not too bad, although a temperature of 130 degrees is a little too warm for comfort.

Tents in the Sun

Not yet in the millionaire class, Tpr. G. Harmon, serving with the M.E.F., gets more pay and feels that he is moving up. He writes to his brother at Glen Road, Sheffield:

We are to get an extra shilling a day, so prosperity is in sight.

At the moment we are living in tents in the Desert, enjoying plenty of fresh air and sunshine. We have plenty of books, and darts (without the usual pub.), football and a wireless set to amuse ourselves with.

I had heard about the lovely girls and dashing sheiks which were to be found in the Desert, but the latter are a bit scruffy, and the girls are a sad disappointment.

GOSSIP CAN ALSO COST LIVES

CARELESS talkers and rumour-mongers can be punished when their subject is helpful to the enemy, but when they merely make scandals about their neighbours they often get off scot-free.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

A man writes to me:

Until this last year I thought it was only women who could gossip, but now I know differently. At my fire post there are five men who pull everybody to pieces, but, unfortunately, one of them carried the "news" home to his wife, who put two and two together and made five.

I began to hear news we had talked about from outsiders—but an extra word or two was added here and something else omitted there until the whole meaning was different.

In future I intend to "hear all and say nowt."

But I can't help wondering whether mischief-makers derive some sort of satisfaction from hurting other people. If they don't get some entertainment from it, why do they do it?

The reason is simple: Men and women are a subject of perennial interest. Human nature is full of surprises and gossip about our fellow-mortals will always go on.

But why should certain people twist or misrepresent the facts to make things seem worse than they were? That is more difficult.

Perhaps it's because the discussion of blameless people is lacking in dramatic value.

After all, our daily papers say little about normal well-behaved citizens, but a scoundrel gets a good deal of publicity—more than he wants.

If in talking about local people's sayings and doings there is nothing exciting to say, there is always a temptation to invent something. All one can do is to rebuke the mischief-maker and decline to spread the story. As the writer put it, "Say nowt."

AFTER several years of married life, says another man, **my wife complains that I do not give her the same attention that I used to do during courtship.**

On reaching home after the day's work, my inclination is to listen to the wireless, read a book, or do some odd job, whereas my wife desires me to talk and make a fuss of her.

To me it appears unnatural that I should want to spend my evenings in this way, and it is unreasonable to expect it. Marriage cannot be one long honeymoon.

Does this state of affairs exist between the majority of married couples? Is my idea right or wrong?

I do occasionally get letters from people who assure me that their married life is one long honeymoon—but that does not describe the normal state of the majority.

It is a romantic illusion to think that the fervent bliss of the newly-wed is going to last indefinitely. One cannot live for ever in a rarefied atmosphere of a perpetual trance.

Man and wife settle down to daily life—sometimes tranquil, sometimes stormy—and get things straightened out between them. It can be deeply happy without being continual ecstasy.

But, reading between the lines of that letter, I cannot help speculating.

It is exasperating for a woman who has been alone most of the day if the husband sits "mum" all the evening. She hates to be taken for granted, regarded as the person who darns the socks and cooks the food.

She wants to be told that she is still beloved. For the average British husband this is not easy.

But there is a difference between this and the idea that active love-making, fussing, and caressing should go on every night of the year.

Some people seem to get their ideas of marriage from the fairy tales they read in childhood.

One young wife writes:

My husband and I have had our first row, and you can't believe how miserable I feel. It was all about a silly trifle, too ridiculous to explain.

Women are not the only ones who spread malicious tales

I always thought my husband was perfect—so very kind, understanding, and thoughtful—but he flared up in a terrible temper and I flared back.

FOR the first time since we were married he went off to work without kissing me. He went out and slammed the door. Really, I dread the thought of his coming home. . . .

There was a good deal more, but no hint what the trouble was about. I expect the husband returned and somewhat sheepishly presented her with a bunch of flowers. He would apologise, of course; they would both apologise.

But, if that young couple imagine that marriage is ruined because a short thunderstorm has cleared the air, I shall call them both idiots!

Why

YOU CAN'T HAVE ALL THE READY-TO-EAT CEREALS YOU WOULD LIKE

Many people are asking why — now that Ready-to-Eat cereals are zoned — it should be more difficult to get them.

The reasons are:—

1. Owing to war conditions, foods which add variety as well as nourishment to breakfast are in great demand. So it is not surprising that there has been a marked increase in the demand for ready-to-eat cereals.

2. The fact that cereals *are* zoned limits the variety of choice available in any particular district.

Nevertheless, you can be quite sure that grocer, wholesaler and manufacturer are all doing their utmost to see that everybody gets a fair share. When you do get your ready-to-eat cereal, you, too, can help — by making it go as far as possible.

READY-TO-EAT CEREALS SAVE TIME & FUEL

Issued by the

Cereal Breakfast Food Manufacturers (War Time) Association

LAST LAUGH

B. M. (Islington).—"Hitler has never broadcast directly to Britain." Perhaps later on he will contribute to the B.B.C. feature "Desert Island Discs" from St. Helena or somewhere.

F. K. (Wembley).—"Years ago, I shared an umbrella with the present Home Secretary." The Morrison shelter is of sturdier construction nowadays.

D. K. (Lincoln).—"A retired comedian confesses that he was pelted with fruit from the gallery." Apparently he was held in a cone of spotlights and sustained several hits despite violent evasive action.

G. K. (Hornchurch).—"In the old days I remember a chestnut stand near Portland Place. I wonder if it is still in business?" No. Radio comedians bought the entire stock.

A. B. (Barnes).—"A Spanish couple married in London recently were greeted by wedding guests playing castanets." This effect is often characteristic of British weddings, but emanates from the bridegroom's knees.

J. T. (Taunton).—"Many years ago the gas-stove in my kitchen exploded while the dinner was being prepared." In these days, too, cooks are called up quite suddenly.

T. L. (Preston).—"In the early hours I found a burglar in the hall trying to extricate another from under the grandfather clock which had fallen on him." It had just struck one?

TOMMY (East Anglia).—"Our Padre plays full-back in our Rugby team." Opponents probably respect his severe clerical collar.

JOURNALIST (London, E.C.).—"Year ago I made Hitler laugh." That couldn't happen now. It would be impossible to tickle the Fuehrer through his bullet-proof waistcoat.

G. L. (Exeter).—"A railway company director says that when he travels by rail he generally has to stand." Most galling for a passenger with a seat on the Board.

H. L. (Hornsey).—"Asparagus was recently sold in London at £1 a bundle." There is no need to give the greengrocer a gratuity. The price is inclusive of tips.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"After this war, only thing I reckon is, to treat Nazis like railin's. Melt 'em down, and make somethin' else out of 'em"

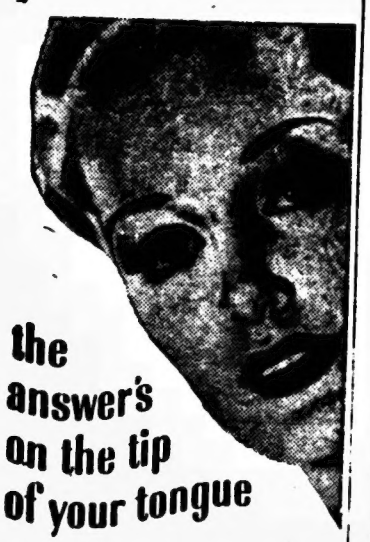
Side-Slips

EVENING TIMES:—"Never in their experience have they come across more genuinely good-natured crows than those which arrived by the heavily laden morning and forenoon trains."

LETCHWORTH CITIZEN:—". . . the bride-travelling in a mustard PACKET with brown skirt and brown accessories."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—". . . and the R.A.F. team decided the only thing to do was to saw off the POLICE just above ground level."

Do your teeth light up your smile?



the answer's on the tip of your tongue

The Tongue Test will tell! Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's what collects stains, makes teeth dull, unromantic. Irium, the super-cleanser in Pepsodent, flushes film away, polishes teeth brilliantly, safely. Use Pepsodent and keep your teeth shiny smooth — lighting up your smile.

1/4, 1/8, 3/8 Sizes Too

Pepsodent Tooth Paste 1/3 & 3/8 Including Tax

NO EGG SHORTAGE

—a dozen a month for everybody!

SOME TIPS ON MAKING DELICIOUS EGG DISHES

"Take a dozen eggs," said Mrs. Beeton. Well, the present allowance of dried eggs means 12 eggs a *week* for the average family!

Remember that dried eggs are new-laid shell eggs with only the shell and the water taken away.

Make an omelette by allowing 3 or 4 eggs for two people. "Reconstitute" the eggs, add seasoning, beat well, and cook in smoking hot fat until all the egg is set. Cook it *quickly*, and don't overcook.

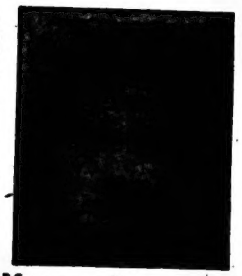
When making cakes and puddings, add the eggs *dry* to the other ingredients and add the water afterwards. Remember that dried eggs have the full nutritional value of shell eggs.

Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them.

You are allowed one packet of dried eggs per ration book every four weeks

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

GREATEST OF THESE



● The world used to see a lot of Mr. William Lewis. He sailed across most of its oceans and seas; he knew the colour and strangeness of Siam and India as well as he knew the cooler streets of Southampton and Portsmouth.

But to-day his world has shrunk to two poorly furnished rooms.

Once he had a cosy home that he prized—until a German destroyed every stick of it.

Mr. Lewis took the loss philosophically. After all, he was no stranger to bomb and shell; he had served in three wars.

But what grieves him now, at the age of *Margaret Rose Lewis* fifty-seven, is the inability to do a full week's work because of a grave internal illness.

This means that his wages average only some 50s. a week, from which a rent of 16s. must be paid. It means, too, a hard struggle for Mrs. Lewis to feed and clothe their four fine children.

The measure of her cleverness is that the youngsters are bright, intelligent, well-cared-for and happy. But the task is beginning to defeat her; all her days are filled with dread of the workhouse.

Will you enable her to keep her family and her independence? Will you prevent her husband's physical pain from aggravation by mental agony?

Your answer, we trust, will be a donation to the General Fund, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to enable us to assist this and other equally deserving cases.

An acknowledgment will be sent if you give your name and address, though anonymous donations are welcomed as gratefully. Lists of subscriptions are kept; copies can be had on application. We make no deductions, remember, for administrative expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

THIS WEEK'S CASH WINNERS

£100 plus Radio—"Bullets" 1,400

G. J. Coles, 116, Second Ave., Dagenham, for this "Bullet":—

ESSENTIAL TO BRITAIN

"CONSIDER YOURSELF"—AND DON'T!

£10: A. Sims, 13, Chalks Rd., Bristol. **Tell And Trouble—And Tea, Mother's Stimulants.**

£5: J. D. Robertson, c/o McLaren, Whistlefield Cot, Loch Eck By Dunoon. **Rise To Come Back To—"Bouquets"? Aspidistra!**

£4: L. Roberts, 5, Curwen Cottages, Gwaun-cae-Gurwen, Ammanford. **Takes Some Beating—"System" Democracy "Gambles" On.**

£3: A.C.1 Jacobs, W. J., Somewhere-in-Britain. **Shows We're Winning—Grandpa's Taking Day Off!**

£2: M. Rose, "Dublin," Ramsgate Rd., Broadstairs. **Takes Some Beating—Dad's Hen? Some Eating!**

£50 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

6 of 20s.:

B. Alexander, 122, Cavendish Mansions, E.C.1. **Forgetting Her Blistered—Hands, Remembering "Hardship Feet."**

Mrs. L. Bruce, 14, Mornington Ave., London, W.14. **Thirsting For Promotion—But Thirst "Promoted" Relegation!**

S. Davies, 7, Queen St., Penrhydrfen, Port Talbot. **In Her Dreams—Mother Invited The Racketeers!**

T. Eden, Galen House, High Harrington, Cumb. **Piece Of Notes—With Bit On, Sonny!**

S. Holt, 17, Bankfield St., Blackley, Manchester. **Shows We're Winning—Scottish' "If They Win—"**

W. H. Kisby, "Torcelin," Hollon Lane, Whipton, Exeter. **Forgetting Her Operation—Auntie, Mastering Machine's Insects!**

A list of 50 winners of Christmas Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

OVER 600 PRIZES

WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 142

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS C—A—F—J entered by following 27 competitors, who thus share £50:—F. Allen; C. Bangham; R. Barlow; Mrs. R. Chaplin; L. F. Chatwin; L/Cpl. N. Cornish, A.T.S.; A. Crispin; J. D. Davies; J. T. Edwards; Mrs. R. Ewart; K. Fell; Mrs. E. E. Greenwood; S. W. Green, A.R.; E. Howell; L.A.C. N. C. Hutchinson; H. Knight; J. Millett; R. Murdoch; P. B. Newell; J. K. Smith; Miss Edna Thorpe; Miss D. Thorpe; W. C. Waterman; Miss J. Waterman; Mrs. E. Waterman; J. Watson; J. Wrigley.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 74 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above. 2nd Runners-up Awards for 665 entrants with FIRST TWO.

£100 CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

SUMNER WELLES

—an important new series on World Affairs

ON Wednesday next, the Daily Herald will start the exclusive publication in this country of a highly important series of weekly articles by Mr. Sumner Welles, till recently U.S. Under-Secretary of State. Sumner Welles—distinguished diplomat, politician, and authority on Foreign Affairs—worked in the closest personal contact with President Roosevelt and Mr. Cordell Hull, and has met the principal leaders of both Allied and Axis countries. His clear-sighted and soundly reasoned comments on present-day World Problems will be of absorbing interest to British readers.

Starting Next Wednesday, EXCLUSIVE in the

DAILY HERALD

★ *To ensure regular delivery you must order your copy now*

War cannot kill this

The spirit of goodwill from man to man, the love of peace, the memory of home—all these are embodied this year, as in previous Christmas seasons—in greeting cards. They come with additional cheer this year, to lonely outposts, to our ships at sea, to hospitals and camps, and to wherever the "front" by then may be. The small quantity of paper allowed for their production has been stretched to its utmost by the publishers so as to meet the ever-rising demand, and make sure that nobody shall be left without a card to send, or wait in vain for his name to be called out when the mail comes in.

The Greeting Card and Calendar Association
76 Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.2

SEND YOUR PHOTO by AIRGRAPH

Pictures from home mean a lot to the men abroad, especially during this season. If you send us a good negative with clear details, we will print it on an Airgraph form ready for your message. Price 3/6

5/- if from Print. Postage 6d. extra.

Send p.o. and Negative to:

GRATISPOOL CO.,
ISLES LANE, LEEDS, 11

FOR STRENGTH TO RESIST THE

"Winter Offensive!"

Now is the time to start building up reserves of strength to defeat Winter's threats—the Chills, Colds and 'Flu that every Winter brings. Yeast—the richest natural source of the strengthening and protective B Vitamins—builds up a stout resistance to common ailments, greatly increases the body-building power of other foods and banishes Indigestion, Constipation and Depression. Yestamin is pure dried Yeast in handy, palatable form, *entirely free from drugs*. Start on Yestamin NOW—and stick to it. It will literally put New Life into you—new Health, new Confidence—at a cost of only a penny a day.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN
VITAMIN
YEAST TABLETS

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT.

SCIENTIFIC SKIN BALM

FOR SWIFTER HEALING

After three years intensive research our Laboratories perfected a new, antiseptic skin balm. Valderma has been highly successfully prescribed by Skin Specialists in cases of Impetigo and Barber's Rash. Common skin troubles, Acne, many forms of Eczema, Pimples and Boils react readily to its soothing, speedy action. Valderma—being an oil-in-water emulsion—allows septic matter, which might otherwise re-infect the sore place, to pass away easily. Even in stubborn cases Valderma has proved its value where all else has failed. Valderma acts quickly—heals many skin troubles in only a few days.

A doctor writes:

"I can assure you that my patient has been greatly benefited by the use of it. I find also that great benefit is received in cases of Pruritus in which I have tried it and I shall certainly recommend it for any other such cases."

Signed . . . M.B., B.Ch.

VALDERMA
ANTISEPTIC BALM

White, agreeable to use. Stains neither linen nor bedclothes. Get a 2/- jar today from your chemist.

Beware of constipation

Don't let the worry and anxiety of constipation upset you. Remember the golden rule, take Beecham's Pills whenever necessary and you will then ensure a regular, gentle movement of the bowels. In Beecham's Pills you have a perfect laxative—they are purely vegetable, non-habit-forming, unfailingly effective. Men and women everywhere, generation after generation, have trusted them implicitly. Get some Beecham's Pills today—and look after yourself!

Beecham's Pills
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

CASH and FINAL XMAS CAKES

FOR 4 LETTERS

WITH your coupon below, you can win a fat cheque for Christmas and a big Christmas cake as well!

Follow the simple instructions on coupon and post in time for these final Christmas Feasts!

£50 CASH FIRST PRIZE

HUNDREDS of other AWARDS for 1st & 2nd RUNNERS-UP

XMAS CAKES with ALL CASH PRIZES

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing £100 Award Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Stagsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Easy To Answer—Landlady's "What's Biting You?"
B. To Be On The Safe Side—Of Dad's Sandbags, Impossible!
C. Blown To Bits—Of Girls, Grandpa's Kisses!
D. Heard In The Black-out—"Sandbag? That's My Husband!"
E. Lonely Soldier—Advertised—And Wife Replied!
F. The Big Four—These Ears Next Door!
H. When Dad Sang—Began Appropriately "No Star——"
J. Curate's Problem—Jujube—Misjudged Anthem's Length!
K. Through The Mud—Then Form, Post-Office Nib!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES" ENTRY COLS. BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £50

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in columns of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with Bullets entry.

1ST							
2ND							
3RD							
4TH							

FEE 2d PER COL. 1s. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Dec. 18.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, DEC. 6.

146

☞ OVER 600 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Dec. 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

LAST 100 BIG XMAS CAKES

BULLETS' BUMPER £100 XMAS PRIZE AND

Supported by Christmas Cheques for £10, £5, £4, £3, £2, 6 for 30s., LAST 100 41b. Christmas Cakes and 1,000 Merit Awards.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways, to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Dec. 17.

VICTORY WILL COME, BUT
MURDERER HITLER
JOB TO BE DONE
LIKE BROTHERS
MORTAL BLOW
CITIZEN OF THE FUTURE
DELIVERING THE GOODS
HAND OF PROVIDENCE
PRICE WE PAY
WITHOUT A MURMUR

BULLETS 1,400 RESULT appears on page 14

ENDURING THINGS
VOICE OF THE SIREN
GOOD GENERALSHIP
HATS OFF TO TOMMY AND HIS OLD JOB
TIME IS FLYING, SO
UPSET THE MACHINERY
RATIONING
JUST FOR FUN
OUGHT TO BE EASY

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

WHEN THE.....ENDS
WASTE OF GOOD .....
BEHIND THE.....
HELPS TO MAKE.....
READY TO.....
BOON FOR THE.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Dec. 18. IF ISE RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,404 Monday, DEC. 6

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,404—or "Laugh-Lines" 146," JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

THE GIFT THAT'S WELCOMED BY ALL

Whatever the ages, whatever the tastes of your family, friends or staff, National Savings Gift Tokens are the perfect answer to your gift problem. They're easy to buy — from any Post Office, Trustee Savings Bank, War Savings Centre or through your Savings Group, in units of 15/- up to any amount. They're easy to give — send them through the post with your Christmas greetings. They're pleasant to receive — because your gift starts to grow in value as soon as the Tokens are exchanged for Savings Certificates or used to make a deposit in the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank. Be in the fashion and MAKE THIS A SAVINGS CHRISTMAS.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Danger in the dark!

Lots of accidents happen in the black-out which don't get into newspapers. They may be trifling bumps and bruises — or something more serious. But all are a hindrance to the war effort. So — look out in the black-out!

What do I do...?

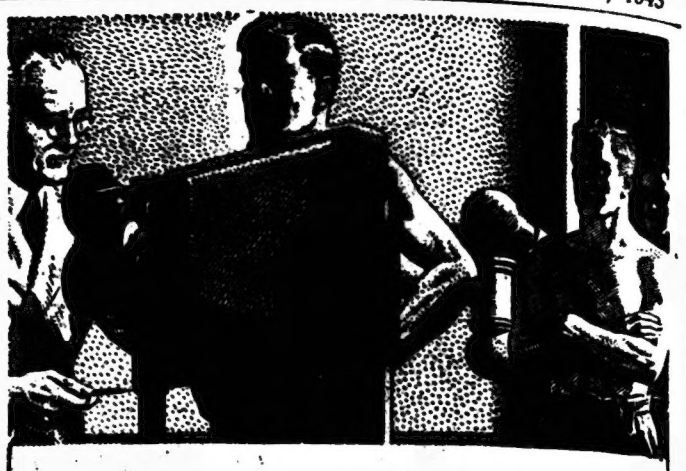
I pause when I go out in the dark to let my eyes adjust themselves. I never cross roads until I know the way is clear.

I never flash my torch into the eyes of approaching drivers, and I remember I can see a vehicle approaching before the driver can see me.

If I drive, I take care my headlights are properly adjusted, and I drive at a speed appropriate to the limited range of vision.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society



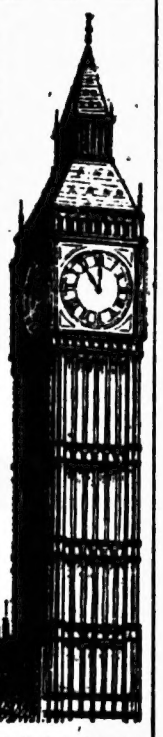
KODAK FILM
is in the Clinics
helping to check Tuberculosis

Thousands in the Forces and in Industry are benefiting from early diagnosis thanks to mass X-ray examination. Miniature radiography, which makes this possible, owes much to 'Kodak' research in the past, and much to 'Kodak' Film to-day. Next time you have difficulty in getting a 'Kodak' spool, remember it is because such vital work must come first.

Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

...when chimes the Victory hour...

. . . we shall have another job of work to tackle—winning the peace. It is a task that will call for new ideas and new energy. We have the sound good sense to see it through. Yet if we fail to take proper care of our health we shall be unable to put all the effort we need into this vital job.



At the present time 'Milk of Magnesia' is helping to keep the people fit and free from digestive ailments. And in the Peace to follow, 'Milk of Magnesia' will continue its good work of safeguarding health—the true groundwork upon which to build a *better* Britain.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Save FUEL FOR BATTLE!

Fuel Watcher talks to Mrs. Jones

"You have a very cosy kitchen, Mrs. Jones."

"Yes, it gets all the morning sun. We always have breakfast here, and supper too. It saves coal and labour, and food can be served direct from oven to table."

"And no sitting room fire to do next morning, either! . . . I think it's a good idea."

"It is, and I brought in a couple of armchairs to make us really comfortable."

"Splendid, Mrs. Jones. Of course, you won't always want to sit in the kitchen: but remember, heat only one room at a time!"

REMEMBER that half the fuel in your house is used for room heating: large savings can be made here.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

At the first sign of a COUGH take

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 1/4 per bottle
(Including Purchase Tax)

You need less fat when you use

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

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